



Thomas Kilburne Gally
b. August 17, 1888
d. February 24, 1869 (1969)

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Name	RIN	Br/Ch Year	Death Year	Parent MRIN	Spouse or *Father Name
ADDAMS, Elizabeth	232			63	Thomas BULL -231
ADDAMS, Richard	233				A UP DEN GRAEFF -234
ALEXANDER, Elizabeth	110	1737	1818		James CALDWELL -109
ALEXANDER, Joseph	261				Sarah LIST -144
ARMSTRONG, (Colonel)	282				
ARMSTRONG, Sarah	281			81	William DAVISON C -280
BEARDSLEE, Ephriam Ray	289	1876		83	* William BEARDSLEE -287
BEARDSLEE, Francis C	290	1877		83	* William BEARDSLEE -287
BEARDSLEE, Helen Edna	291			83	* William BEARDSLEE -287
BEARDSLEE, Nellie	288	1874	1874	83	* William BEARDSLEE -287
BEARDSLEE, William R.	287				Sarah M SHRODE -29
BEARDSLEE, William Roy	292	1881		83	* William BEARDSLEE -287
BEILER, Jacob	330		1771		
BODLEY, Daniel	131				Jane E. GALLY -120
BODLEY, Joshua	125				Martha GALLY -114
BOMAN, Mary	332				Abraham BYLER -194
BOWERMAN, Addie M.	318				Levi Dennis L SHRODE -35
BULL, Animus	106	1757	1832	61	John SMITH Gen. -104
BULL, Elizabeth	237	1753	1793	61	* John BULL -229
BULL, Ezekial William Dr.	238	1761	1819	61	* John BULL -229
BULL, John	229	1731	1826	62	Mary PHILLIPS -230
BULL, Maria Louisa	239	1765	1850	61	Joseph NOURSE -242
BULL, Rebecca	240	1767	1852	61	* John BULL -229
BULL, Sarah Harriet	241	1771	1795	61	* John BULL -229
BULL, Thomas	231	1705	1747		Elizabeth ADDAMS -232
BYLER, Abraham	194	1810	1862		Mary BOMAN -332
BYLER, Anna	193	1804		101	Alfred N. NORMAN -192
BYLER, Eliza Ann	37	1837	1917	51	Jacob F NORMAN -36
BYLER, Elizabeth	335	1835		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, Jacob (Sr.)	329	1740		103	* Jacob BEILER -330
BYLER, Jacob Franklin (Jr.)	328	1765		102	* Jacob BYLER (Sr.) -329
BYLER, James J.	340	1854		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, Jos. L.	333	1832	1876	51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, M. E.	337	1841		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, Margaret A.	334	1833		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, Sarah A.	338	1845		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, Thirza Rebecca	339	1848		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
BYLER, Wm. H.	336	1839		51	* Abraham BYLER -194
CALDWELL, Alexander J	105	1774	1839	32	Eliza Jane HALSTED -107
CALDWELL, Alexander H	160	1815	1889	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Ann A	52	1813	1899	30	William A DAVISON D -51
CALDWELL, Elbert Halsted	158	1809	1869	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Elizabeth A	156	1804	1822	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, James	109	1724	1804		E ALEXANDER -110
CALDWELL, Jane Relf	157	1808	1884	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Joanna W	159	1811	1892	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Louisa S	155	1801		30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Margaretta D	161	1816	1837	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Mary E S	162	1821	1897	30	* A CALDWELL Judge -105
CALDWELL, Samuel	154	1767		32	* James CALDWELL -109
CARTER, Hannah	268		1823		John LIST Jr. -146
CARVER, Sarah	271				Augustine SMITH -270
CARY, Martha	275	1686	1738	79	Edward JAQUELIN -274
CARY, William Captain	278	1657	1713		M SCARBROOKE -279
CHAPMAN, Elizabeth Ellen	26	1824	1858		David Shaw SHRODE -24
CHURCHILL, May Belle	195				William F NORMAN -39
CLARK	213				Mary Ellen DUGGAN -211
COHN, Carol	13				Thomas K GALLY -9
CRADDOCK, Elizabeth	277				John JAQUELIN -276

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Name	RIN	Br/Ch Year	Death Year	Parent MRIN	Spouse or *Father Name
CRIST, Robert	302				Ruth JENKINS -298
DANIELS, Bessie Viola	299	1885		85	* Seth F. DANIELS -295
DANIELS, Elmer Lee	301	1889		85	* Seth F. DANIELS -295
DANIELS, Seth F.	295				Helen E SHRODE -33
DANIELS, Walter Hibbard	300	1887	1932	85	* Seth F. DANIELS -295
DAVISON, Alexander C	53	1842	1908	14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAVISON, Anna Maria	57	1848	1904	14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAVISON, Edward Halsted	59	1853		14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAVISON, Elizabeth A	153	1839	1840	14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAVISON, Emma W	55	1844	1893	14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAVISON, Jaquelin Smith	56	1846	1921	14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAVISON, John	103	1742	1808	80	* William DAVISON C -280
DAVISON, Louise Hite	54	1840	1930	14	Alexander POWELL -108
DAVISON, Mary Matilda	18	1854	1953	14	Ben Willey GALLY -17
DAVISON, William (Major)	96	1769	1822	28	Martha Maria SMITH -97
DAVISON, William Cornet	280				Sarah ARMSTRONG -281
DAVISON, William A (Dr.)	51	1810	1877	27	Ann A CALDWELL -52
DAVISON, William M	58	1850		14	* William A DAVISON D -51
DAY, Myrtle Houston	313				Charles Allen SHRODE -31
DE HART, Captain	166				Alleta W WATERS -164
DE HART, Jacob	167			45	* DE HART Captain -166
DE HART, Margaret	168			45	* DE HART Captain -166
DROWN, Ruth	45	1893	1983		Benjamin W GALLY B -20
DUGGAN, Edwin James	210				Lucille SMITH -205
DUGGAN, Margaret Ann	212	1921		56	Arthur JARBOE -319
DUGGAN, Mary Ellen	211	1918		56	CLARK -213
DYE, Everett Allen	64	1927			Ann Margaret GALLY -42
FAHERTY, Edmond	252	1777	1846	69	Mary TEWELL -251
FAHERTY, Mary	73	1815	1881	67	Nicholas WALSH -72
FAHERTY, Patrick	257	1730			Bridget TOLEN -258
FAHERTY, Patrick	253	1730			
FRAMPTON, Doris	315				Daniel GOLDEN -314
GALLY, Ann Margaret	42	1953		11	R M HALVERSON -63
					Everett Allen DYE -64
GALLY, Anna Lily	16	1990		5	* Thomas K GALLY -9
GALLY, Ben Willey	17	1852	1893	13	Mary M DAVISON -18
GALLY, Benjamin Willey B	20	1893	1962	6	Ruth DROWN -45
GALLY, Benjamin Willey	46	1920	1991	12	* Benjamin W GALLY B -20
GALLY, David Lee	5	1925		1	Jean Rilla WILLCOX -44
GALLY, Elizabeth	118	1825	1831	33	* John GALLY Sr. -111
GALLY, Gertrude	47	1926		12	Harry MARGAH -65
GALLY, Howard Davison	19	1886	1975	6	* Ben Willey GALLY -17
GALLY, James	128	1856		38	* James Wesley GALLY -119
GALLY, James Wesley	119	1828	1891	33	Martha V JAMES -127
GALLY, Jane E.	120	1830		33	Daniel BODLEY -131
GALLY, Janet Elizabeth	43	1960		11	Stephen K LOWMAN -60
GALLY, Joan Elizabeth	7	1952		2	* Sidney Kilburne GALLY -4
GALLY, John Jr.	116	1819	1853	33	* John GALLY Sr. -111
GALLY, John Sr.	111	1783	1854	35	Jane MULLIGAN -112
GALLY, Margaret	115	1817	1817	33	* John GALLY Sr. -111
GALLY, Margaret Ann	117	1824		33	Matthew NEY -126
GALLY, Martha	114	1815		33	Joshua BODLEY -125
GALLY, Mary Viola	3	1917	1917	1	* Thomas K GALLY -1
GALLY, Matty	129	1858		38	* James Wesley GALLY -119
GALLY, Sara Rose	15	1989		5	* Thomas K GALLY -9
GALLY, Sidney Kilburne	4	1920		1	Helen D MCCLOSKEY -6
GALLY, Susan Mary	8	1954		2	Karl GOLDEN -10
GALLY, Thomas Kilburne	1	1888	1969	6	Lilian NORMAN -2
GALLY, Thomas Kilburne	9	1957		2	Carol COHN -13

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Name	RIN	Br/Ch Year	Death Year	Parent MRIN	Spouse or *Father Name
					Ikuko ISHIDA -14
GALLY, Thomas Mulligan	48	1822	1855	33	Mary Jane LIST -49
GALLY, William	123				M MCDOWELL -124
GALLY, William King	130	1860	1860	38	* James Wesley GALLY -119
GALLY, William King	113	1813	1847	33	* John GALLY Sr. -111
GARDENER, Clyde Allen	307	1894		91	* Francis M SHRODE M -30
GARDENER, Jennie Evelyn	308	1900		91	George Arthur HAYES -309
GARDENER, Marion	306	1894		91	* Francis M SHRODE M -30
GARDENER, Mary E	305				Francis M SHRODE M -30
GOLDEN, Daniel	314				Doris FRAMPTON -315
GOLDEN, Eric Andrew	11	1988		3	* Karl GOLDEN -10
GOLDEN, Greg	316			95	* Daniel GOLDEN -314
GOLDEN, Karl	10			95	Susan Mary GALLY -8
GOLDEN, Natalie Claire	12	1991		3	* Karl GOLDEN -10
GOLDEN, Susan	317			95	* Daniel GOLDEN -314
GREER, Everett	151			26	* Jacob GREER -80
GREER, Jacob	80				Sidney LIST -50
HALSTED, Alleta Willett	165			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALSTED, Anthony Waters	171			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALSTED, Elbert Hope	174			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALSTED, Eliza Jane	107	1775	1853	44	A CALDWELL Judge -105
HALSTED, Joanna Willett	173			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALSTED, John	169			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALSTED, John	163	1729	1813		Alleta W WATERS -164
HALSTED, Matthias	172			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALSTED, Susie	170			44	* John HALSTED -163
HALVERSON, Randolph M	63				Ann Margaret GALLY -42
HARGRAVE, Alfred J	179	1830	1909	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Amanda M	183	1843	1870	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Christina	228	1788			Anthony MORGAN -227
HARGRAVE, Eldred Glen	175	1806	1858	49	Nancy MORGAN -176
HARGRAVE, Eli Taylor	184	1846	1920	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Elizabeth C	187	1855	1943	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Harvey Lee	181	1839	1919	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Hezekiah	188	1762	1828		Susan MCMURTREY -189
HARGRAVE, Louis Morgan	182	1841	1842	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Louisa Jane	177	1828	1909	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Maria C	25	1826	1900	46	David Shaw SHRODE -24
					MOORE -152
HARGRAVE, Minerva E	180	1836	1861	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Perry Cass	185	1848	1924	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, Susan L	186	1851	1936	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HARGRAVE, William A	178	1831	1861	46	* Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
HAYES, Donald Arthur	310	1925		92	* George Arthur HAYES -309
HAYES, George Arthur	309				Jennie E GARDENER -308
HAYES, Mary Ann	311	1928		92	* George Arthur HAYES -309
HAYS, Jeremiah	267				Elizabeth LIST -259
HUDSON, Isaac	225	1761	1834		
HUDSON, Rebecca Merri	191	1797	1857	59	Francis SHRODE -190
ISHIDA, Ikuko	14	1961			Thomas K GALLY -9
JAMES, Martha Virginia	127		1877		James Wesley GALLY -119
JAQUELIN, Edward	274	1668	1739	78	Martha CARY -275
JAQUELIN, John	276				E CRADDOCK -277
JAQUELIN, Mary	236	1714	1764	77	John SMITH -235
JARBOE, Arthur	319				Margaret A DUGGAN -212
JENKINS, LeRoy	296				Mary Ellen SHRODE -286
JENKINS, Marjorie Jean	297	1919		86	R THOROUGHMAN -303
JENKINS, Ruth	298	1920		86	Robert CRIST -302
JOSEPHSON, Abram	75	1849	1915	24	Anna KARVONEN -76

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JOSEPHSON, Ada	218	1887	1973	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Charles E	216	1881	1950	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Dave	222	1893	1982	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Elizabeth I.	224	1903	1949	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Elmer	217	1883	1963	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Henry Arvid	223	1896	1969	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Hilda	221	1891	1984	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Hilma	220	1890	1974	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Mary Selina	219	1889	1978	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JOSEPHSON, Tena Meilusa	69	1898	1970	23	Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
JOSEPHSON, William	215	1879	1959	23	* Abram JOSEPHSON -75
JUNTILA, Juuso	77	1812	1900		
KANSNIAINEN, Briita	256	1781	1851		Abram KARVONEN -255
KARVONEN, Abram	255	1776	1847		B KANSNIAINEN -256
KARVONEN, Anna	76	1859	1922	25	Abram JOSEPHSON -75
KARVONEN, Taavetti	78	1822	1858	68	Anna L KEMPAINEN -79
KEMPAINEN, Anna Liisa	79	1821	1907		Taavetti KARVONEN -78
KILBURNE, Sarah	143		1825	42	John Bucke LIST -142
KILBURNE, Thomas	147				
KING, Martha	122				John MULLIGAN -121
LEWIS, Keith Edmund	209	1893	1987		Leora May SMITH -204
LIST, Amanda E.	138			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Anna	150			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Benjamin McMechen	136	1834		40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Benson	148			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Caroline	145			41	* John Bucke LIST -142
LIST, Charles	141			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Dorcas Virginia	137			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Elizabeth	140			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Elizabeth	259			41	Jeremiah HAYS -267
LIST, Ellen	139			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, John Jr.	146	1788	1848	41	Hannah CARTER -268
					Ann WAITE -269
LIST, John Bucke	142	1757	1828		Sarah KILBURNE -143
LIST, Juliet	149			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Kilburne B.	135			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LIST, Mary Jane	49	1823	1906	40	Thomas M GALLY -48
LIST, Sarah	144	1790	1876	41	Thomas NICHOLS -260
					Joseph ALEXANDER -261
LIST, Sidney	50	1854		13	Jacob GREER -80
LIST, Thomas H.	132	1800		41	Sidney MCMECHEN -133
LIST, William McMechen	134			40	* Thomas H. LIST -132
LOWMAN, Jennifer E	61	1982		15	* Stephen K LOWMAN -60
LOWMAN, Stephen Kent	60	1959			Janet Elizabeth GALLY -43
LOWMAN, Timothy James	62	1991		15	* Stephen K LOWMAN -60
MARGAH, Harry	65		1985		Gertrude GALLY -47
MARGAH, James	67	1957	1975	18	* Harry MARGAH -65
MARGAH, Michelle	66	1954		18	* Harry MARGAH -65
MCCLOSKEY, B	92	1888	1970	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70
MCCLOSKEY, Betty Marie	86			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Charles E.	90	1885	1971	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70
MCCLOSKEY, Charles N	84			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Elizabeth	82			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Ethel M	88			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Helen D	6	1925		19	Sidney Kilburne GALLY -4
MCCLOSKEY, Henry Edgar	68	1893	1979	20	Tena M S JOSEPHSON -69
MCCLOSKEY, Jean Tena	87			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Joseph H	81			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Leo	94	1891	1975	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70

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Name	RIN	Br/Ch Year	Death Year	Parent MRIN	Spouse or *Father Name
MCCLOSKEY, LeRoy	85			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, Mary	93	1889	1958	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70
MCCLOSKEY, Sylvester	95	1900	1962	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70
MCCLOSKEY, Thomas	74				
MCCLOSKEY, Thomas C.	91	1885	1953	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70
MCCLOSKEY, Warren	83			19	* Henry E MCCLOSKEY -68
MCCLOSKEY, William	70	1857	1947	22	Imelda WALSH -71
MCCLOSKEY, William Jr.	89	1884	1970	20	* William MCCLOSKEY -70
MCDOWELL, Margaret	124				William GALLY -123
MCMECHEN, Sidney	133	1806			Thomas H. LIST -132
MCMURTREY, Susan Anne	189				H HARGRAVE -188
MEEHAN, Thomas	320				Anna May NORMAN -41
MOORE	152				Maria C HARGRAVE -25
MORGAN, Anthony	227	1784	1842		C HARGRAVE -228
MORGAN, Nancy	176	1810	1897	47	Eldred G HARGRAVE -175
MULLIGAN, Jane	112	1789		34	John GALLY Sr. -111
MULLIGAN, John	121				Martha KING -122
MULLIGAN, Robert	326	1801		34	* John MULLIGAN -121
MULLIGAN, Robert	325	1799		34	* John MULLIGAN -121
NEY, Matthew	126				Margaret Ann GALLY -117
NICHOLS, Caroline E	262	1812		70	* Thomas NICHOLS -260
NICHOLS, John	265	1825		70	* Thomas NICHOLS -260
NICHOLS, Mary	264	1823		70	* Thomas NICHOLS -260
NICHOLS, Sarah A.	263	1814		70	* Thomas NICHOLS -260
NICHOLS, Thomas	260				Sarah LIST -144
NICHOLS, William Henry	266	1836	1905	70	* Thomas NICHOLS -260
NORMAN, Alfred N.	192	1800		104	Anna BYLER -193
NORMAN, Anna May	41	1877		10	Edward WALMSLEY -321
					Thomas MEEHAN -320
NORMAN, Belle Homan	40	1862		10	Roland R SMITH -203
NORMAN, Clyde Churchill	196	1884		52	* William F NORMAN -39
NORMAN, Eloise	198	1888		52	* William F NORMAN -39
NORMAN, Emmett B	21	1865	1948	10	Viola Sylvia SHRODE -22
NORMAN, Franklin Palmer	200	1910		53	Olga UNKNOWN -324
NORMAN, Glenn Erwin	197	1886		52	* William F NORMAN -39
NORMAN, Jacob Franklin	36	1835	1891	50	Eliza Ann BYLER -37
NORMAN, John Byler	327	1825		50	* Alfred N. NORMAN -192
NORMAN, John B.	331				
NORMAN, Josephine E	202	1917		53	Joseph SAUNDERS -214
NORMAN, Lilian	2	1890	1981	7	Thomas K GALLY -1
NORMAN, Margaret E.	38	1858	1859	10	* Jacob F NORMAN -36
NORMAN, Margaret Marian	201	1912		53	* Clyde C NORMAN -196
NORMAN, Neil Raymond	199	1889		52	* William F NORMAN -39
NORMAN, Rosamond	23	1888	1972	7	* Emmett B NORMAN -21
NORMAN, William F	39	1860	1942	10	May B CHURCHILL -195
NOURSE, Joseph	242	1754	1844		Maria Louisa BULL -239
PARKS, Karl	304				Bertha F SHRODE -284
PATTERSON, Mary S	283	1860			Jacob Hudson SHRODE -28
PHILLIPS, Mary	230	1730	1811		John BULL -229
POWELL, Alexander Monro	108	1834	1902		Louise Hite DAVISON -54
SAUNDERS, Joseph	214				Josephine NORMAN -202
SAUNDERS, Thomas	322			58	* Joseph SAUNDERS -214
SCARBROOKE, Martha	279				William CARY C -278
SHRODE, Bertha Francis	284	1887		82	Karl PARKS -304
SHRODE, Charles Allen UD	31	1858	1914	9	Annie WRIGHT -312
					Myrtle Houston DAY -313
SHRODE, David Shaw	24	1825	1895	48	Elizabeth E CHAPMAN -26
					Maria C HARGRAVE -25
SHRODE, Francis	190	1789	1872	60	Rebecca M HUDSON -191

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SHRODE, Francis Marion M	30	1856	1929	9	Mary E GARDENER -305
SHRODE, Helen Elizabeth	33	1861	1931	8	Seth F. DANIELS -295
SHRODE, Ida May	285	1890		82	* Jacob Hudson SHRODE -28
SHRODE, Jacob Hudson	28	1849	1924	9	Mary S PATTERSON -283
SHRODE, John	226				
SHRODE, Katie	293			84	* William J SHRODE -27
SHRODE, Levi Dennis Lee D	35	1868	1896	8	Addie BOWERMAN -318
SHRODE, Mary Ellen	286	1892		82	LeRoy JENKINS -296
SHRODE, Mattie	294			84	* William J SHRODE -27
SHRODE, Nancy Rebecca	32	1860	1860	8	* David Shaw SHRODE -24
SHRODE, Sarah Margaret	29	1853	1882	9	William BEARDSLEE -287
SHRODE, Susan Jane (Dr.)	34	1867	1900	8	* David Shaw SHRODE -24
SHRODE, Viola Sylvia	22	1864	1947	8	Emmett B NORMAN -21
SHRODE, William Jasper	27	1848	1869	9	* David Shaw SHRODE -24
SMITH, Alexander M Dr.	102	1813	1889	27	* William DAVISON M -96
SMITH, Anna Augusta	99			27	* William DAVISON M -96
SMITH, Augustine	270	1687	1726	76	Sarah CARVER -271
SMITH, Augustine Charles	246	1789	1843	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Edward Jaquelin	245	1787	1787	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Edward Jaquelin	100	1805		27	* William DAVISON M -96
SMITH, Edward Jaqueline H	248	1793	1872	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Eliza Barnwell	243	1784	1863	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Glenn Ellsworth	207	1897		54	* Roland R SMITH -203
SMITH, John	235	1715	1771	75	Mary JAQUELIN -236
SMITH, John	272		1700		Mary WARNER -273
SMITH, John Gen.	104	1750	1836	64	Animus BULL -106
SMITH, John Augustine	244	1786	1806	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, John Bull	98	1802		27	* William DAVISON M -96
SMITH, John Bull Davison	250	1802	1839	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Leora May	204	1889		54	Keith Edmund LEWIS -209
SMITH, Lucille	205	1891		54	Edwin J DUGGAN -210
SMITH, Martha Maria	97	1782	1815	29	William DAVISON M -96
SMITH, Norman Nathan	206	1894	1929	54	* Roland R SMITH -203
SMITH, Peyton Bull	247	1794	1809	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Robert Mackey	249	1796	1796	29	* John SMITH Gen. -104
SMITH, Roland Richard	203	1852	1932		Belle H NORMAN -40
SMITH, Sarah Jaquelin	101	1812	1812	27	* William DAVISON M -96
SMITH, Walton Roland	208	1900		54	* Roland R SMITH -203
TEWELL, Mary	251	1779	1863		Edmond FAHERTY -252
THOROUGHMAN, Robert	303				Marjorie J JENKINS -297
TOLEN, Bridget	258				Patrick FAHERTY -257
TOLEN, Bridget	254				
UNKNOWN	323			58	* Joseph SAUNDERS -214
UNKNOWN, Olga	324				Franklin P NORMAN -200
UP DEN GRAEFF, A	234				Richard ADDAMS -233
WAITE, Ann	269	1801	1877		John LIST Jr. -146
WALMSLEY, Edward	321				Anna May NORMAN -41
WALSH, Imelda	71	1858	1942	21	William MCCLOSKEY -70
WALSH, Nicholas	72	1811	1881	66	Mary FAHERTY -73
WARNER, Mary	273		1700		John SMITH -272
WATERS, Allea Willett	164		1791		John HALSTED -163
					DE HART Captain -166
WILLCOX, Jean Rilla	44	1926			David Lee GALLY -5
WRIGHT, Annie	312	1889			Charles Allen SHRODE -31

CHART NO. 1

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. _____

ON CHART NO. _____

1 GALLY, Sidney Kilburne

BORN July 26, 1920
WHERE Pasadena, Calif.
WHEN MARRIED June 8, 1951
DIED

WHERE
McCLOSKEY, Helen Dolores

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 GALLY, Thomas Kilburne

BORN Aug. 17, 1888
WHERE Ventura, California
WHEN MARRIED Sept. 14, 1915
DIED Feb. 24, 1969
WHERE Pasadena, California

3 NORMAN, Lilian

BORN Aug. 14, 1890
WHERE Duarte, California
DIED Sept. 27, 1981
WHERE Pasadena, California

4 GALLY, Ben Willey

BORN July 9, 1852
WHERE Wheeling, West Virginia
WHEN MARRIED May 26, 1885
DIED Nov. 25, 1893
WHERE Ojai Valley, Calif.

5 DAVISON, Mary Matilda

BORN Nov. 19, 1854
WHERE nr. Jefferson City, Missouri
DIED Feb. 12, 1953
WHERE Santa Paula, Calif.

6 NORMAN, Emmett Brantley

BORN Aug. 7, 1865
WHERE Nemaha Co., Nebraska
WHEN MARRIED May 3, 1887
DIED Jan. 9, 1948
WHERE Ontario, Calif.

7 SHRODE, Viola Sylvia

BORN Dec. 6, 1864
WHERE Sulphur Bluff, Texas
DIED April 6, 1947
WHERE Duarte, Calif.

8 GALLY, Thomas Mulligan

BORN March 14, 1822
WHERE Wheeling, West Virginia
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 2, 1851
DIED Feb. 10, 1855
WHERE St. Adams, Miss.

9 LIST, Mary Jane

BORN 1825
WHERE
DIED Nov. 14, 1906
WHERE Wheeling, West Virginia

10 DAVISON, William Armstrong

BORN August 20, 1810
WHERE nr. Winchester, Virginia
WHEN MARRIED Aug. 29, 1838
DIED Jan. 6, 1877
WHERE nr. Jefferson City, Missouri

11 CALDWELL, Ann Alexander

BORN June 2, 1813
WHERE
DIED Nov. 29, 1899
WHERE Jefferson City, Missouri

12 NORMAN, Jacob Franklin

BORN Sept. 29, 1835
WHERE Haywood Co., Tennessee
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 22, 1857
DIED March 2, 1891
WHERE Duarte, Calif.

13 BYLER, Eliza Ann

BORN June 2, 1837
WHERE Missouri
DIED May 17, 1917
WHERE Duarte, Calif.

14 SHRODE, David Shaw

BORN March 18, 1825
WHERE nr. Booneville, Warrick Co., Ind.
WHEN MARRIED July 24, 1859
DIED Jan. 15, 1895
WHERE Monrovia, Calif.

15 HARGRAVE, Maria Christina

BORN June 20, 1826
WHERE Warrick Co., Indiana
DIED May 18, 1900
WHERE Hemet, Calif.

CHART NO. 2

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. _____

ON CHART NO. _____

1 McCLOSKEY, Helen Dolores

BORN Oct. 12, 1925
WHERE Bismarck, N.D.
WHEN MARRIED June 8, 1951
DIED
WHERE
GALLY, Sidney Kilburne
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 McCLOSKEY, Henry Edgar

BORN Jan. 8, 1893
WHERE nr. Henderson, Minn.
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 8, 1917
DIED May 2, 1979
WHERE Portland, Oregon

3 JOSEPHSON, Tyina Meilusa Serafiina

BORN Sept. 3, 1898
WHERE Dickey Co., N.D.
DIED Dec. 4, 1970
WHERE Portland, Oregon

4 McCLOSKEY, William

BORN June 23, 1858
WHERE Wisc. (?)
WHEN MARRIED June 23, 1882
DIED Jan. 26, 1947
WHERE Bel Plaines, Minn.

5 WALSH, Imelda

BORN Oct. 27, 1858
WHERE Wisc. (?)
DIED 1942
WHERE Bel Plaines, Minn.

(JUNTILLA, Abraham)

6 JOSEPHSON, Abraham

BORN Nov. 15, 1849
WHERE Hailuoto, Finland
WHEN MARRIED Aug. 15, 1878
DIED Oct. 1915
WHERE Wing, North Dakota

(KARANEN)

7 KARVONEN, Anna

BORN Oct. 22, 1858
WHERE Väyrylä village, Puolanka
parish, Finland
DIED Feb. 18, 1922
WHERE near Wing, Burleigh County,
North Dakota

8 McCLOSKEY, Thomas

BORN
WHERE Ireland
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

9

BORN
WHERE Ireland
DIED
WHERE

10

BORN
WHERE Ireland
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

11

BORN
WHERE Ireland
DIED
WHERE

12 JUNTILLA, JUUSO

BORN 1812
WHERE Finland
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 1900
WHERE

13

BORN
WHERE Finland
DIED
WHERE

14 KARVONEN, Taavetti

BORN March 25, 1822
WHERE Väyrylä, Puolanka Parish, Finland
WHEN MARRIED March 23, 1851
DIED May 24, 1858
WHERE Väyrylä, Puolanka Parish, Finland
KEMPAINEN, Anna Liisa

15

BORN Feb. 3, 1821
WHERE Hyryn salmi parish, Finland
DIED 1907

CHART NO. 3

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS 8
THE SAME PERSON AS NO.

ON CHART NO. 1

1 GALLY, Thomas Mulligan

BORN March 14, 1822
WHERE Wheeling, West Virginia
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 2, 1851
DIED Feb. 10, 1855
WHERE St. Adams, Miss.
LIST, Mary Jane

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 GALLY, John

BORN Aug. 12, 1783
WHERE Grahulan, Co. Cavan, Ireland
WHEN MARRIED June 11, 1811
DIED 1854
WHERE

3 MULLIGAN, Jane

BORN Aug. 12, 1789
WHERE Carrywocky, Co. Cavan, Ireland
DIED
WHERE

4 GALLY, William

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

5 McDOWELL, Margaret

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

6 MULLIGAN, John

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

7 KING, Martha

BORN
WHERE
DIED
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WHEN MARRIED
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WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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BORN
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DIED
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CHART NO. 4

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 9

ON CHART NO. 1

1 LIST, Mary Jane

BORN 1825
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 2, 1851
DIED Nov. 14, 1906
WHERE Wheeling, West Virginia
GALLY, Thomas Mulligan
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 LIST, Thomas

BORN 1800
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

3 McMECHEN, Sidney

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

4 LIST, John

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

5 KILBURNE, Sarah

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

6 McMECHEN, William, Jr.

BORN 1724
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 1769(?)
DIED Nov. 27, 1797
WHERE Marshall Co., Virginia (W. Va.)

7 JOHNSON, Sidney

BORN 1744
WHERE So. Branch, Potomac River, Va.
DIED Nov. 24, 1810
WHERE Marshall Co., Virginia (W. Va.)

8

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

9

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

10

KILBURNE, Thomas

BORN 1728
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED Dec. 28, 1784
WHERE

11

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

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BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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BORN
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DIED
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CHART NO. 5

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 10

ON CHART NO. 1

1 DAVISON, William Armstrong

BORN Aug. 20, 1810
WHERE nr. Winchester, Va.
WHEN MARRIED Aug. 29, 1838
DIED Jan. 6, 1877
WHERE nr. Jefferson City, Mo.
CALDWELL, Ann Alexander
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 DAVISON, William (Major)

BORN 1768
WHERE Philadelphia, Pa. (?)
WHEN MARRIED July 21, 1800
DIED Sept. 3, 1822
WHERE

3 SMITH, Martha Maria

BORN July 23, 1782
WHERE
DIED Nov. 7, 1815
WHERE Winchester, Va.

4 DAVISON, John

BORN 1742
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED Jan. 6, 1808
WHERE

5 ARMSTRONG, Sarah

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

6 SMITH, John (Maj. Gen.)

BORN May 7, 1750
WHERE Shooters Hill, Middlesex Co. Va.
WHEN MARRIED Feb. 10, 1781
DIED March 3, 1836
WHERE Middletown, Va.

7 BULL, Animus

BORN 1761 (?)
WHERE
DIED Sept. 15, 1831
WHERE

8 DAVISON, William (Cornet)

BORN
WHERE Dublin, Ireland
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

9 ARMSTRONG, Sarah

BORN
WHERE Dublin, Ireland (?)
DIED
WHERE

10 ARMSTRONG (Est.)

BORN
WHERE Dublin, Ireland
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

11
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

12 SMITH, John (Capt.)

BORN Nov. 13, 1715
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED Nov. 17, 1737
DIED Nov. 19, 1771
WHERE

13 JAQUELIN, Mary

BORN March 1714
WHERE
DIED Oct. 4, 1764
WHERE

14 BULL, John (Gen.)

BORN June 1, 1728
WHERE Northumberland Co., Pa.
WHEN MARRIED Aug. 13, 1752
DIED Aug. 9, 1824
WHERE

15 PHILLIPS, Mary

BORN 1731
WHERE
DIED Feb. 23, 1811
WHERE

CHART NO. 6

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 11

ON CHART NO. 1

1 CALDWELL, Ann Alexander

BORN June 2, 1813
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED Nov. 29, 1899
WHERE Jefferson City, Mo
DAVISON, William Armstrong
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 CALDWELL, Alexander (Judge)

BORN Nov. 1, 1774
WHERE West Va.
WHEN MARRIED Feb. 2, 1803
DIED April 1, 1839
WHERE

3 HALSTED, Eliza Jane

BORN May 28, 1775
WHERE
DIED March 2, 1852
WHERE

4 CALDWELL, James

BORN 1724
WHERE Co. Tyrone, Ireland
WHEN MARRIED 1752
DIED 1804
WHERE

5 ALEXANDER, Elizabeth

BORN 1737
WHERE Glasgow, Scotland
DIED 1818
WHERE

6 HALSTED, John

BORN 1729
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 1769
DIED Sept. 1813
WHERE Perth Amboy, N.J. (?)

7 WATERS (de Hart), Alleta Willett

BORN
WHERE
DIED 1791
WHERE Perth Amboy, N.J. (?)

8	BORN
	WHERE
	WHEN MARRIED
	DIED
	WHERE

9	BORN
	WHERE
	DIED
	WHERE

10	BORN
	WHERE
	WHEN MARRIED
	DIED
	WHERE

11	BORN
	WHERE
	DIED
	WHERE

12	BORN
	WHERE England (?)
	WHEN MARRIED
	DIED
	WHERE

13	BORN
	WHERE
	DIED
	WHERE

14	BORN
	WHERE
	WHEN MARRIED
	DIED
	WHERE

15	BORN
	WHERE
	DIED
	WHERE

CHART NO. 7

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 12

ON CHART NO. 1

1 NORMAN, Jacob Franklin

BORN Sept. 29, 1835
WHERE Haywood Co, Tenn.
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 22, 1857
DIED March 2, 1891
WHERE Duarte, Calif.
BYLER, Eliza Ann

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 NORMAN, Alfred

BORN N
WHERE North Carolina
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

3 BYLER, Anna

BORN Alabama
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

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BORN
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WHEN MARRIED
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DIED
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CHART NO. 8

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 13

ON CHART NO. 1

1 BYLER, Eliza Ann

BORN June 2, 1837
WHERE Missouri
WHEN MARRIED Jan. 22, 1857
DIED May 17, 1917
WHERE Duarte, Calif.
NORMAN, Jacob Franklin
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 BYLER, Abraham

BORN March 19, 1810
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED Aug. 28, 1862
WHERE

3 BOMAN (BOWMAN?), Mary

BORN May 19, 1814
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

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BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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BORN
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DIED
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CHART NO. 9

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 14

ON CHART NO. 1

1 SHRODE, David Shaw
BORN March 18, 1825
WHERE ~~rr~~ Booneville, Warrick Co, Ind.
WHEN MARRIED July 24, 1859
DIED Jan. 16, 1895
WHERE Monrovia, Calif
HARGRAVE, Maria Christina
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 SHRODE, Frances
BORN Nov. 25, 1789
WHERE Allegheny Co., Pa.
WHEN MARRIED Dec 5 (15?), 1816
DIED Nov. 23, 1872
WHERE Warrick Co., Indiana

3 HUDSON, Rebecca Marritt (?)
BORN Oct. 6, 1797
WHERE North Carolina
DIED Nov. 27, 1857
WHERE Warrick Co, Indiana

4 SHRODE, John
BORN 1740 (?)
WHERE Germany
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE Pennsylvania (?)

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BORN
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DIED
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WHEN MARRIED
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WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

CHART NO. 10

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 15

ON CHART NO. 1

1 HARGRAVE, Maria Christina

BORN June 20, 1826
WHERE Warrick Co, Indiana
WHEN MARRIED July 24, 1859
DIED May 18, 1900
WHERE Hemet, Calif
SHRODE, David Shaw

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 HARGRAVE, Eldred Glen

BORN Dec. 13, 1806
WHERE Ky. or Ind. (possibly Illinois)
WHEN MARRIED Aug. 11, 1825
DIED Oct. 4, 1858
WHERE Hopkins Co, Texas

3 MORGAN, Nancy

BORN Oct. 18, 1810
WHERE Kentucky
DIED Jan. 6, 1896
WHERE Duarte, Calif.

4 HARGRAVE, Hezekiah

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 1790 (?)
DIED 1827
WHERE Warrick Co., Indiana

5 Mc MURTRIE, Susan

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

6

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

7

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

8 HARGRAVE, William

BORN
WHERE England (?)
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

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BORN
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WHEN MARRIED
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WHEN MARRIED
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BORN
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DIED
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CHART NO. 11

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 12

ON CHART NO. 5

1 SMITH, John (Cap't)

BORN Nov. 13, 1715

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED Nov. 17, 1737

DIED Nov. 19, 1771

WHERE

JAUQUELIN, Mary

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 SMITH, Augustine

BORN June 16, 1687 (9?)

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED Nov. 9, 1711

DIED Mar. 12, 1726

WHERE

3 CARVER, Sarah

BORN June 5, 1694

WHERE

DIED March 12, 1726

WHERE

4 SMITH, John

BORN 1662

WHERE Middlesex Co, Va.

WHEN MARRIED Feb. 17, 1680

DIED Apr. 14, 1698

WHERE ~~Apex~~

5 WARNER, Mary

BORN

WHERE

DIED Nov. 12, 1700

WHERE

6 CARVER, John

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED

WHERE

7

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

8 SMITH, John

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED

WHERE

9 BERNARD, Anna

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

10 WARNER, Augustine (Col.)

BORN June 3, 1642

WHERE Virginia

WHEN MARRIED ca 1665

DIED June 19 1681

WHERE Virginia

11 READE, Mildred

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

12

BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED

WHERE

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BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

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BORN

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED

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15

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

CHART NO. 12

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 13

ON CHART NO. 5

1 JAUQUELIN, Mary

BORN March 1, 1714
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED Nov. 17, 1737
DIED Oct. 4, 1764
WHERE
SMITH, John (Cap't)
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 JAQUELIN, Edward

BORN 1668
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED 1706
DIED 1730 (39?)
WHERE

3 CARY, Martha

BORN 1686
WHERE
DIED 1738
WHERE

4 JAQUELIN, John

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

5 CRADDOCK, Elizabeth

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

6 CARY, William (Cap't)

BORN 1657
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 1733
WHERE

7 SCARBROOKE, Martha

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

8
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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9
BORN
WHERE
DIED
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BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

11
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

12 CARY, Miles
BORN 1620
WHERE Bristol, England
WHEN MARRIED 1645(?)
DIED 1667
WHERE

13 TAYLOR, Anne

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

14 SCARBROOKE, Henry

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

15
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

CHART NO. 13

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 10

ON CHART NO. 11

1 WARNER, Augustine (Col.)

BORN June 3, 1642

WHERE Virginia

WHEN MARRIED ca 1665

DIED June 19, 1681

WHERE Virginia

READE, Mildred

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 WARNER, Augustine (Col.)

BORN Sept. 28, 1611?
(Nov. 28, 1610?)

WHERE

WHEN MARRIED

DIED (Dec. 26, 1674)?

WHERE Dec. 24, 1674

3 Mary

BORN

WHERE

DIED

WHERE

4
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

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BORN
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BORN
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DIED
WHERE

CHART NO. 14

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 11

ON CHART NO. 11

1 READE, Mildred

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED ca 1665
DIED
WHERE
WARNER, Augustine (Col.)
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 READE, George (Col.)

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 1671
WHERE

3 MARTIAU, Elizabeth

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

4 READE, Robert

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 1627
WHERE

5 WINDEBANKE, Mildred

BORN
WHERE
DIED 1630
WHERE

6 MARTIAU, Nicholas

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

7
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

8
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

9
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

10 WINDEBANKE, Sir Thomas

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED 1607
WHERE

11 DYMOKE, Frances

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

12
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

13
BORN
WHERE
DIED
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14
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

15
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

CHART NO. 15

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 14

ON CHART NO. 5

2 BULL, John

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE 1752 Philadelphia, Pa.

4
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

8
BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
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WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
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7
BORN
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DIED
WHERE

1 BULL, John (Gen.)

BORN June 1, 1728
WHERE Northumberland Co., Pa.
WHEN MARRIED Aug. 13, 1752
DIED Aug. 9, 1824
WHERE

PHILLIPS, Mary

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

b. 1731

d. Feb. 23, 1811

3
BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

CHART NO. 18

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 14

ON CHART NO. 2

1 KARVONEN, Taavetti

BORN March 25, 1822
WHERE Väyrylä, Puolanka par, Finland
WHEN MARRIED March 23, 1851
DIED May 24, 1858
WHERE Väyrylä, Puolanka par, Finland
KEMPAINEN, Anna Liisa

NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 KARVONEN, Abram

BORN April 27, 1776
WHERE Puolanka parish, Finland
WHEN MARRIED Feb. 12, 1802
DIED April 21, 1847
WHERE Väyrylä village, Finland

3 KANNIAINEN, Briita

BORN Feb. 17, 1781
WHERE Hyrynsalmi par, Finland
DIED Feb. 26, 1851
WHERE Väyrylä village,
Puolanka parish, Finland

4 KARVONEN, Matti Abramipoika

BORN 1748
WHERE Puolanka parish, Finland
WHEN MARRIED March 7, 1771
DIED March 15, 1797
WHERE Puolanka parish, Finland

5 HYTITÄR, Gunilla

BORN 1744
WHERE Puolanka par, Finland
DIED
WHERE

6 KANNIAINEN, Mattias

BORN August 18, 1759
WHERE Lyllyjärvi, Hyrynsalmi parish,
Finland.
WHEN MARRIED Feb. 16, 1780
DIED Dec. 30, 1791
WHERE Hyrynsalmi par, Finland.

7 MOILATAR, Liisa

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

8 KARVONEN, Abram Theodorpoika

BORN 1702
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED May 21, 1764
WHERE Puolanka, parish, Finland
TORVETÄR, Valpuri (=Valborg)

9 KARVONEN, Abram

BORN 1708
WHERE
DIED June 24, 1790
WHERE Puolanka par, Finland

10 HYTTINEN, Pehr

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

11 KARVONEN, Abram

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

12 KANNIAINEN, Johan

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED

13 KERÄTÄR, Kristiina

BORN
WHERE
DIED
WHERE

14 MOILANEN, Martin

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED
DIED
WHERE

15 KARVONEN, Abram

BORN
WHERE
DIED

CHART NO. 19

NO. 1 ON THIS CHART IS
THE SAME PERSON AS NO. 15

ON CHART NO. 2

1 KEMPAINEN, Anne Liisa

BORN Feb. 3, 1821
WHERE Hyrynsalmi par, Finland
WHEN MARRIED March 23, 1851
DIED 1907
WHERE Savo Twp, So. Dakota
KARVONEN, Taaretti
NAME OF HUSBAND OR WIFE

2 KEMPAINEN, Pahl

BORN
WHERE
WHEN MARRIED June 6, 1819
DIED
WHERE

3 HEIKKINEN, Margeta

BORN
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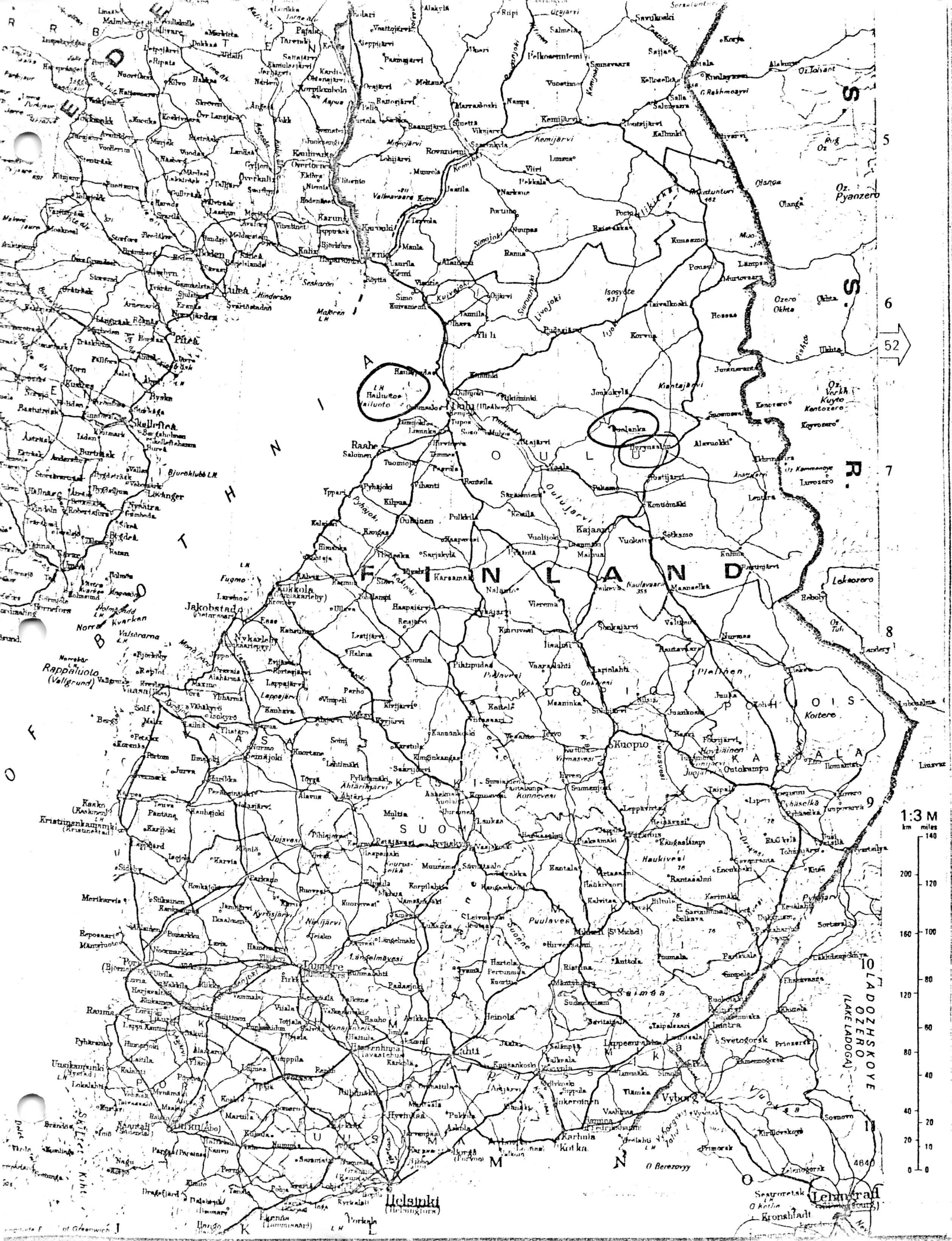
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Interview with Thomas K. Gally by Sidney K. Gally on Feb. 15, 1964 concerning early days in the Ojai Valley.

The stage ran regularly between Ojai and Santa Barbara, about a 35 mile run and they brought material as well as passengers back and forth. They had coastwise ships that put in at all the ports. The old Coos Bay which was a steam and sail boat carried mail, lumber and passengers and it put in at Monterey, Santa Barbara, Ventura and it went on down to San Pedro I guess.

(S) What were you saying about the train that came over from Ventura?

The Southern Pacific put in a 15-mile branch line from Ventura to Ojai. It would come in in the evening and pull off on a siding and bank the fires in the engine. They would leave it there over night and then it would take the train out the next morning, after they had built up steam and loaded on the passengers. The engines were Southern Pacific Number 1 and Number 2. They carried a large bar on the side of the coal car so that when a wheel got off the rail they could pry it back on with the aid of the pry bar and what they called a frog which was a metal ramp which guided the wheel back up on the rail.

(S) You mean they jumped the track?

A wheel would jump the track. The whole engine or train might not come off. It was a standard gauge but a small engine. I would guess it had only about two drive wheels in each side but the little wheels on the truck up front were the ones that would slip off.

(S) Did they burn coal then?

Yes they burned coal. I don't remember that those early ones on the Ojai run burned wood. I guess maybe they had for one of them had a spark catcher on the stack, a big swelled out spot above the boiler, half way up the stack.

The road was built primarily to haul out oranges because they thought that was going to be a big orange producing spot and I don't think they ever expected to make money on their passengers although it did pick up passengers from the coast line at Ventura.

(S) When did they first start raising oranges up there?

I think it was one of the Thatchers. Ed Thatcher was the early orange grower there. I would guess it was about 1890. The problem was to get water. The gravity flow decreased. They

tried drilling wells but the formations were so twisted and fractured and slanted that drilling with the old cable tools was very difficult. Apparently at the time they didn't know how to fill a hole with cement and drill through the cement to penetrate the sloping rock formation. The drill would slide down the slope and wouldn't get to the water-bearing gravels. They didn't want to drill in the floor of the valley where there was a basin and pump the water four miles from the basin and up several hundred feet to the orange growing area.

(S) Did they plant oranges up there because of the temperature?

No, primarily because of the water supply, the gravity flow from the streams in the mountains. It was after that that they realized that they had a relatively frost free belt up there above the floor of the valley. In their search for water they obtained a report from Bailey Willis, the Stanford geologist, which recommended the drilling of a tunnel into one of the higher mountains back of the Thatcher School and the Pierpont Cottages but at an elevation of one or two thousand feet above the orange groves. If they found water they would have gravity flow and reservoir capacity and no pumping problems. So in time with their primitive equipment they drilled a tunnel about a half-mile into the mountain and when they were ready to give up, hit a fault and the water poured out at a rate of about 30 miner's inches. It ran for years and may still be running.

(S) There used to be artesian wells in the floor of the valley? When did they dry up?

Fairly soon after they started using them. The artesian flow had sufficient pressure to carry the water up to the second floor level of the houses. The first dry years that affected it must have been around 1900 because it became necessary to dig a pit at the bottom of the well casing about 10 or 12 feet deep and put in a centrifugal pump at the bottom of the pit driven by a belt from a one cylinder horizontal gas engine. It wasn't until deep well pumps were developed that one was installed in that old casing. The water at that time must have been down to 30 feet below the surface.

(S) Where was that well?

It was just north of what was the old kitchen in the main house or between it and the little red cottage over on Gridley Road.

(S) I remember one well where I used to go out with Howard and lower a string down to measure the depth - it was right back of the big house.

When we found it necessary to subdivide the back field, the 40 acre field, I put in a well. That must have been somewhere around 1935. We ran a 3-inch pipe through the subdivision and connected it up to this well and to a 10,000 gallon wooden tank on a redwood tower.

(S) I remember that one. I was up there when it was drilled. I remember some pictures of a tank where you used to swim. Was that part of the water supply?

No that was just a swimming pool. It was about five feet deep and had been used on the ranch in the Upper Ojai just to hold water for the stock and for general purposes. It could be dismantled and we knocked it down and brought it down to the cottages and put it together again until the metal bands holding it together rusted through and that was the end of it. It spread out like the petals of a flower.

(S) I'd forgotten about that Upper Ojai ranch - did your mother own that?

Yes. It was bought from the Bards, Senator Bard. It was about 20 acres of farming land of which 10 acres was planted in fruits of various kinds and grapes. The balance of it was simply grain field which raised feed. We didn't have any oil rights to any of that. In addition to that there were 100 acres more or less of mountain land in which the extensive oil seepages are but Senator Bard retained the oil and mineral rights to all of that property. No oil was ever produced there but there was some drilling done.

(S) Did some one farm this ranch in Upper Ojai?

Yes, we usually had a hired man that lived on the place and everybody turned to in fruit picking season to harvest the fruit or dry the apricots.

(S) Is that somewhere near the Drown ranch?

It's immediatly east of it on the road that leads up to Sulphur Mountain. They raised almonds up there but we had peaches, apricots, apples, grapes.

(S) Did you raise anything down in the lower valley?

Just grain until the old Chinese cook decided to raise some vegetables which he did north of the main building. Later on the Chinese and others raised vegetables down in the Ventura-Oxnard area and loaded their wagons and drove up through the country.

(S) This was Soo?

Yes, Soo. We had to get water enough for that. He was quite proud of his vegetables. He would get out before daylight to work out there and then came in and cook the breakfast.

(S) How many people did he cook for?

When the place was filled, there were probably 35 people there to feed not counting the local people who came in for dinner. No one from the outside came in for breakfast but for dinner or Sunday people would come in from the valley for a dinner for 50¢.

(S) What kind of vegetables did he grow?

I think lettuce and tomatoes and possibly some beans. He didn't raise any potatoes for we could always buy potatoes.

(S) Did you raise your own cattle?

We had some calves occasionally which went to the butcher. We had usually 4 or 5 milk cows and about the same number of riding horses. The stage to Santa Barbara was a four horse vehicle. When we ran it and when the Clark's ran it it was still four horses; the grades through the Casitas were pretty steep.

(S) Was that a one day round trip?

No, you didn't make it even in one day. You had an intermediate stopover at Miramar or Montecito or somewhere in the mountains. When you came out on the Santa Barbara side there was a stop - I can't remember the name but it was a pretty well known guest resort. You couldn't make any time with a wagon through the Casitas Pass. It was a narrow winding road and steep. You could walk it actually faster than you could drive.

The old road ran south of where the lake is now, what was called the Casitas bridge to provide access from Ventura and Ojai to the Casitas Park or Foster Park. The road to Santa Barbara went through the park.

(S) The golf course you had - it didn't take any water?

No, it was only green when it rained. The so-called greens were oiled sand. The bunkers and hazards were fences set across the fairways.

(S) You didn't have sand traps?

No, just the plowed ridge with a fence on top of it. There were 9 holes - it was very short because it was limited to 40 acres.

It was almost in a square but I don't know who the golf course architect was but he didn't have much work to do. It was perfectly flat - oh, there was a small contour over on the east side where there had been a small water course, not really a stream bed. In wet years I expect some water flowed through it when the regular stream channel wouldn't carry the flow.

(S) That's quite a golf course across the road now.

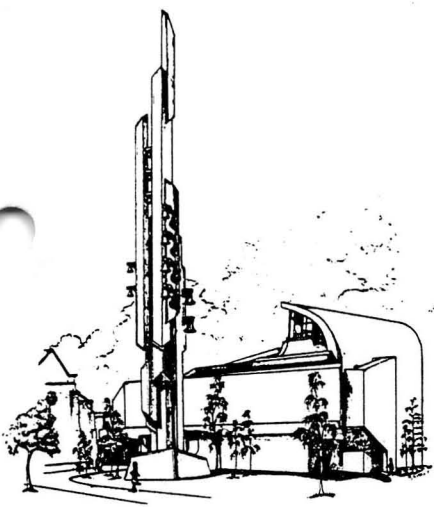
That's a beauty - it's well liked - I played it once. The old Soule ranch. People down here that know about it think it should be called Soul-ay but the family pronounced it "soul".



Lilian Norman Gally
1920



Lilian Norman Gally
1968



PASADENA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

585 EAST COLORADO BOULEVARD,

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA 91101

Telephone (213) 793-2191

Lilian Norman Gally

Sept. 29, 1981
by Dr. Luella L. Floyd,
Assistant Pastor

Dear Friends: We are gathered here today to say good-bye to beloved Lilian Gally, mother of Sidney Gally and David Gally, and formerly wife of Thomas Gally who departed this life twelve years ago.

"The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away,
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Lilian was a loyal member of Pasadena Presbyterian Church where she had been a member since May 7, 1916. After Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941 Lilian wrote in her book of memories that Pasadena Presbyterian Church opened a Canteen and Dorm for service men. Lilian said that the Girl's Work Committee of which she was a member asked them to manage the Canteen. She wrote: "I managed it for two days a week at first and then one day. I had no trouble getting donations of money or food, for everyone was eager to help. Occasionally, I brought home a homesick boy to stay all night and that helped too. Some of them had never been in a home since they left their own."

I read this to you to show the loving nature of this fine lady. She was a native of California, born about one-fourth mile from this cemetery where we are today. When younger, she was active with her hands. She liked to experiment with plants.

She was a graduate of Pomona College and was a very intelligent girl and lady. She was also a beautiful one, having been chosen the first Queen of the May at Pomona College.

She loved to read. Often I would visit her and she would be curled up in bed enjoying a book. She read a book a day until her stroke the last week of June, her daughter-in-law Helen, told me.

She passed away, Sunday, September 27th, at the age of ninety-one years. A very beautiful soul. She is survived by Sidney Gally and Helen, his wife, who have two daughters and a son; and David Galy and his wife who live near Denver, and have two daughters.

(Committal Service from Worship Book)

And now the time has come to say good-bye, and into God's tender hands and loving care we place her, knowing that He will care for her more tenderly and abundantly than we can know or even ask. And so we say:

"Good night, 'lovely Queen! good night:
And may flights of angels sing you to your rest."

Lord's Prayer joining hands.

Benediction:

May the Lord bless thee and keep thee
May the Lord make His face to shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee.

May the Lord lift up his
Countenance upon thee and
Give thee peace. Go in peace! Amen.

GALLY--Lilian Norman Gally, born August 14, 1890 in Duarte, Ca.; passed away September 27, 1981 in Pasadena. The widow of Thomas Kilburne Gally; she graduated from Pomona College in 1912. She was a member of the Pasadena Presbyterian Church. Survived by her sons, Sidney, of Pasadena, and David, of Westminster, Colorado; her grandchildren, Joan, Susan, and Thomas Gally, Ann Halverson and Janet Lowman. Graveside services, 1:00 P.M. today, Live Oak Memorial Park, Monrovia. Turner & Stevens, Pasadena, directors.

THIS IS MY LIFE

Pasadena, California.
April 28, 1963.

When I was a little girl, Grandma Shrode came to live with us at Duarte. While there she broke her hip, so was in bed or in a wheel chair for the rest of her life. I used to sit by her bed while learning to piece squares for a quilt and listen to tales of her childhood. Now I can remember none of the stories. Yesterday there was a family reunion at Ida's, thirty-seven relatives and in-laws from Ellen's year old great-grandson to Aunt Myrtle, who was ninety this month and it was impressed on us older ones how much family means. So I am putting down some of the things that have happened in my uneventful life, thinking that someday the grandchildren might be interested.

One of the earliest memories was of my fourth birthday, when Aunt Jinks (Dr. Jennie Shrode) and a friend of hers came to dinner--we call our noon meal "lunch" now-- and Aunt Jinks brought me a silver napkin ring on which was inscribed my name "Lillian". I still have that worn, beaten up ring, for I used it many years before paper napkins were the fashion for family use. That birthday was at Duarte where I was born August 14, 1890. It must have been the next Christmas after my fourth birthday that Santa Claus brought me a set of dishes for my dolls. Our Christmases were a time of happy family gatherings, but we were not surfeited with toys as the children are today. Rosamond recited "'Twas a Night Before Christmas" for the family. One Christmas Grandma Shrode, Grandma Norman, Little Grandma, who was my great grandmother Hargrave and the aunts dressed dolls for the cousins and Rosamond and I were given doll trunks. We had no tree at home but went to the community tree at the little Southern Methodist church on Buena Vista Avenue. There we received candy and a few presents. Grandpa Shrode had founded the first Sunday School at Duarte. I remember the first Christmas after we moved to Santa Ana. It was a lean year for our parents and we found only nuts, candy and mittens in our stockings. Papa told us then of a Christmas in his boyhood when his father, thinking that he should no longer hang up his stocking, filled the stocking with wood chips. That hardness and lack of affection and understanding in his parents always affected my father, I believe.

Another memory is my first trip to Catalina when I was three. Mama, Papa, Rosamond and I went to San Pedro by train. On the train were soldiers who frightened me by poking me with their fingers in fun. That night I cried in the tent where we were staying. Mama comforted me and the next morning she heard a woman in the next tent say, "What a soft voice that mother had. The baby was afraid of the goats." I heard that story so much that perhaps I do not remember, but I do remember walking with Papa through the tunnel between Avalon and Descanso bay. That tunnel disappeared when the Casino was built. I grew up with another tale of my childhood, which I am sure I remember. We

had gone to San Pedro for the day, probably from Long Beach. All morning I had whined and begged for candy, but Papa could not spend on luxuries. As we walked down a long stairway to the beach, I found a penny on one of the steps. I was in ecstasy, for now I could have my candy. Of course they could not refuse me even if it meant that Papa had to add a few more pennies to mine.

It was on Christmas day 1870 that my mother's family arrived in California, having come by covered wagon on an eight months' trek from Texas. The history of the Shrode family is in that badly written book "The Greatest Pioneer Family". Grandma Shrode kept a diary on that trip, the original copy of which is in the Huntington Library. Grandpa's cattle and horses were stolen by the Mexicans and Indians and the thousand dollars in gold that he had realized from the sale of his Texas assets had been spent when they reached Yuma. With a wagon and team of mules he drove through the barren hills to the home of cousins in the Milquatay valley in San Diego county. There he left his wife and six children (Uncle Jake and Uncle Maj. had stayed in Arizona to work) and walked to Savannah, a settlement near El Monte where many Texans had come. There he got work in a blacksmith shop, for besides being an ordained Southern Methodist minister, he was a wheelwright and blacksmith by trade. He sent for his family and later moved to Duarte where he had a farm and blacksmith shop. Grandpa was deeply religious and it was soon that he started the Sunday School that later we were to attend. It was there that I learned the verse "In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God---". As a reward for memorizing we were given little cards with Bible pictures on them and when we had accumulated ten or a dozen small cards, we were given a larger one. I still believe firmly that ground work in the Bible can be given to little children even if they do not understand it all. An oft repeated story of my babyhood was of my learning the verse, "Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross" as Rosamond learned it and I finished the verse, "Deeda da Nada de tin o de ddod" (Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.)

My mother, Viola Shrode longed for music and an education. She used to walk a long way to the home of a kind lady to practise on her organ, but she did not get very far in music. That is the reason she insisted on my having violin lessons even though it was a great sacrifice. When Ida and I were coming home from school one day when we were in the first grade, we heard the tinkling of a piano. We climbed through the barbed wire fence across the road and raced to our house where we found a new piano that the folks had bought. That is the piano that Rosamond recently gave to Sid's family. After Mama had gone as far as she could in the Duarte schools she took entrance examinations to the Los Angeles Normal School. Her brothers helped her financially and she was graduated in 1886. Her father or her brothers brought her home by horse and buggy most week-ends, but the year 1886 was so wet that for six weeks the drive could not be made. There were no super-highways or freeways then. After graduation, Mama returned to Duarte to teach, but she met a handsome young man named Emmett Norman, who had come from Missouri at the age of 17. He had remained in Nevada, Mo. to finish high school, but the month before he was to graduate

he became anxious to join his parents and sisters in California, so he stopped school. For a time the Normans lived in a house at Second and Broadway in Los Angeles and then moved to Duarte where they bought an orange grove. For a number of years Grandpa Norman was city clerk of Monrovia until his death when I was a baby.

Mama and Papa decided to be married. They were only twenty-one and the only job Papa had was packing oranges and working for his father. His sister Belle was being married to Roland Smith in the Monrovia Baptist church, the first wedding in the new town on May 3, 1887. Viola and Emmett were their attendants, "stood up with them" as the expression was then used and after Belle and Rollie were married the attendants stepped forward and were married too, surprising everyone except their families. Mama was going back to teaching the next day, but her sister Helen insisted on taking her class for a few days. When she did return, many of the children brought her gifts. One little girl who brought a vase said, "Mama was going to give this to Miss Belle, but when she found you were married she sent it to you." My mother planned to continue teaching, but "the best laid plans--" and on the 31st of January, 1888 my sister Rosamond was born and I came along two and a half years later.

At first, Mama and Papa lived with Papa's folks and what a hard time Mama had! When Rosamond was six months old Mama had typhoid fever and for six weeks was cared for in her parents' home and Grandma Norman kept Rosamond. Grandma fed Rosamond anything, including hot biscuits. Not only that, she chewed the biscuits first and then gave them to the baby. Rosamond was very ill after that. Soon after that my folks moved to their own home, a little house on about two and a half acres on Mountain avenue. Water had to be carried from the irrigation box across the road. Mama worried for fear we children would fall into the water box and drown.

When I was old enough to be left with help, Mama returned to teaching. Aunt Lou, Grandma Shrode's sister stayed with us for awhile and then a funny old woman called Auntie Amon. Later we had a hired girl named Annie Culver, whom we all loved. Aunt Lou was fat and as little as I was I worried for fear Mama would get that fat. Help was paid no more than ten dollars a month, I am sure and Mama once had a cleaning woman, Miss Whiting who was paid ten cents an hour. No inflation then! Aunt Lou put up our lunches in red lunch boxes. We had cold biscuits, fruit, cake and other wholesome food which we traded for tortillas and beans cooked in lard brought to school by a Mexican girl named Carmel. Mama was Rosamond's and Cousin Bird's first school teacher and she was more strict with them than with others for fear she would show favoritism.

Papa felt that he must have a steady job so he took the examination for railway postal clerk. His "run" was to Albuquerque, New Mexico and he was away four nights and home four nights. I can remember through all the years how hard Papa had to work before his annual examinations, learning the names of towns and mail routes. We had to keep very quiet while he practised throwing cards into his "case", a cabinet of cubby holes. It was called "sticking" the case. He was once in a train wreck when his car tipped and one time his train was held up by robbers. In the summer the train carried

more ice than was needed in the water coolers and since we were near the end of the line, Papa would throw off the chunk of ice left in the cooler in his car as his train passed Mountain avenue on the way into Los Angeles. We would carry the ice home two doors south of the track, for there was no ice man in those days and no electric refrigerators.

We had no running water in our house, but a hand pump was installed and we had a cistern outside. In an alcove under a kitchen shelf there was a tin bath tub. Before that we bathed in a wash tub on the kitchen floor in water heated on a wood stove. So you may know that there were no daily baths in those days. Later, we had a gasoline stove too which most people considered dangerous. When Mama made pies she let Rosamond and me play with the left-over dough. With our little chairs in the tub and a bread board across the top of the tub we could play to our hearts' content with no danger of dough or flour spilling on the floor.

In the Spring of '96 when I was almost six the folks decided to move to Berkeley so that Papa could have a "run" between Los Angeles and San Francisco. What a change for two country girls! We lived in one of those tall Northern California houses on Alcatraz avenue across from a field of carrots. There were mushrooms there too, for we would see city people gathering them. Since we were just a mile from the University of California there was a saloon at our corner and we had to pass it to go to school. I don't suppose we had ever seen a saloon before. I entered the first grade before I was six, for school began in July up there. I often waited for my teacher, Miss Reeves for I was afraid to pass the drunks, some of them in the gutter. One day I saw a woman with a shawl over her head carrying bottles under her arm. "Look Mama! She has it under her arm!" I cried and the old woman yelled swear words that shocked my little ears.

Rosamond's teacher was a terror and Rosamond was frightened all the time, for the only teacher she had ever had was her mother. Mama substituted on Rosamond's room one time and had a difficult time with the unruly kids. She sent one naughty boy out into the hall as punishment and forgot all about him. When he stuck his head into the door asking to come in, she severely told him No, for she did not want him to know she had forgotten. I remember that I told a fib in my class and it has been on my conscience ever since. I turned up a folding seat in front of me, so that when a little boy sat down he landed on the floor. I denied doing it when the teacher asked me. Another fib on my conscience was in the fourth grade at Santa Ana. When Miss Heil, our teacher was out of the room some of us blew her pitch pipe and I denied vehemently that I had done it. One day at school in Berkeley a fruit grower brought boxes of plums and placed them in the school yard for everyone to help himself. I remember how the city children pushed and rushed to get the plums and how hard it was for a little lame girl to reach the box.

My memories of the north include trips across the bay on the ferry when Papa would buy loaves of bread so that we could throw chunks to the flying seagulls and they would catch them in their beaks. We made visits to Golden Gate Park and when Grandma Shrode visited us Papa hired a carriage to drive us through the park. It was on that trip that Grandma fell and rolled down a long flight of steps in one of the buildings. Another memory is my going alone to

the little town of Loren at the end of Alcatraz avenue. There I bought a beautiful, long hat pin for Mama's birthday for the whole sum of ten cents. I was frightened by a cow hanging its head over a fence in a vacant lot. Its breath made vapor in the cold air and when I reached home I told Mama that the cow was smoking. Mama's Normal school chum Clothilde Grunsky, whom we still call "Aunt Til" was attending the university at that time and she urged Mama to take some courses and for awhile she did attend, probably classes in Education, for she always loved teaching. It is hard to believe as I look back that Mama was only thirty-one at that time. Aunt Til now is ninety-five and lives in a Lutheran Home in Eagle Rock.

At Christmas time, we all went to Duarte for Christmas for Mama traveled on a pass. I slept in a berth with Mama and Rosamond was in a berth alone. Full of curiosity she peeked out between the curtains and when the conductor came along he said, "Look out, I'll snip your nose off." Rosamond was so scared that she cried and cried, but did not tell us until the next day. I had a cough at the time and when we attended the Community Christmas tree at the Duarte church Mama had a headache. We did not know that I had the whooping cough and Mama was coming down with the mumps. Most of the children caught both the mumps and whooping cough and the adults except Uncle Doc had the mumps. Mama kissed many friends and relatives that night and from then on she swore off on kissing. Perhaps that is the reason Rosamond and I do not show our affection to each other by kissing. We returned to Berkeley to pack up to move back to Duarte, leaving Rosamond with relatives. I was lonely without her and one day Papa heard me say, "Mama, why did we leave Rosamond?" And Mama sounded just as mournful when she answered, "Lilian, I don't know." We were a close knit family.

After we returned to Duarte we lived in a wood shed while our house was being enlarged with an upstairs added. Rosamond and I had a little room under the roof next to our parents' room. There was a guest room across the hall and downstairs was another bedroom for Grandma Shrode when she came to live with us after Grandpa's death.

Everyone rode bicycles in those days. I would ride on Mama's handle bars and Rosamond stood on a bar extending from the back wheel on Papa's bike. (We called them wheels). One day we were riding up to Grandpa's when the two bikes came too close together and we all spilled. Rosamond was hurt, but mad no fuss for she always was the good girl, but of course I yelled and when Mama asked where I was hurt, I wailed, "All oder!" I believe this happened at about the same spot where I saw a run-away horse when I was walking home from school alone. I soon met Dad on his bike and I remember that he told me that if I would stand against a tree a loose horse never would run over me.

From Berkeley we returned to the Duarte school where a Miss Corinne McFarland was my teacher. She was a southern girl, not more than nineteen I know now and how we did love her! A few years ago Ida and I went to see her in Downey. She was a sweet as ever with snow white hair and much smaller than I remembered. Our cousins, Bertha, Ida and Ellen Shrode and Leora and Lucile Smith attended school with us and to this day they are more like our sisters than our cousins.

I remember the school library, the Elsie Dismore books, the Dotty Dimple books and Five Little Peppers. Mama felt that if we would write a resume of the books we read we would remember them better, so she gave me a notebook in which to write the stories. I still have the book and I see that I did not continue it very long. Mama often read aloud to us and when she read "Captain January" I crept under the bed and wept. She often sang old songs to us and even yet I think that "Grandfather's Clock" is the saddest song of all. Uncle Will Norman came out from Missouri to visit almost every year. He held me on his lap and sang, "Two Little Girls in Blue" and "After the Ball".

One day I was writing at the blackboard when I discovered that the sleeve of my dress was unsewed and almost out. Mama had basted it and had forgotten to stitch it on the machine. I think that Miss Taylor allowed me to go home to free me from my embarrassment and predicament. We walked to school along the railroad track and up the road (Buena Vista Ave) in the dust. Often we were bare-footed and I can feel yet the good, tickly sensation as the dust squashed between our toes. We were warned by our mothers never to accept a ride with the workmen on the hand cars. Uncle Jake usually took his girls to school in a two-wheeled cart, for they lived farther away and often he would pick us up.

Mama always liked to ^{give} ~~help~~ with entertainments or help with them. One that was given at the school and later repeated in a hall in Azusa was a showing of tableaux representing poems and books. Rosamond and I were in one, "The Childrens' Hour" with old Mr. Wardall, who had a long beard as Longfellow. Rosamond was "grave Alice", Mildred Wardall was "Laughing Allegra" and I was "Edith with Golden Hair." Another entertainment was held in the old packing house. In that I sang, "It was only yesterday that I was a little girl". I was dressed like a little old lady in a long black dress, lace cap and rocked my doll in a chair as I sang. In later years, Mama's interest in entertainment reached its climax when she and Papa wrote and directed a pageant in honor of the 100th anniversary of the Duarte Rancho. It was held in the schoolhouse in the old manner. From that Mama was asked to write the history of Duarte for the book published by the Monrovia newspaper and Papa helped with the research. In recent years, a festival has been held at Duarte annually marking its anniversary, but few remember the old timers who started it.

In 1898 we moved to Santa Ana where we lived for two years in a little house on 5th St. Papa had a "run" on the Southern Pacific with two trips a day to Los Angeles. There was a cement sidewalk around one side of our house and Rosamond and I played by the hour scooting around on our little red wagon. We took it apart and Rosamond rode on the wagon bed with its two wheels and I played with the two front wheels and tongue. There was a bedroom above the tank house and one year our cousin Claude Beardsley lived there. I remember that he won a sack of flour in a long distance bicycle race. Our house was full of visiting relatives most of the time.

An old lady in the neighborhood had long rows of pansies and she let us pick them if we were careful not to harm the plants. I thought that she was very kind, but from experience now I know that pansies need to be picked to keep them blooming. We had a horse named Duke who was afraid of trains. Papa disliked cats and dogs, but he let us keep kittens and we had a little black dog for awhile. He finally made us give the dog away. It followed its new owner to school one day and found me and we both were delighted. ~~Her name was Juno.~~ But Papa feared dogs, for he had been bitten twice and he made me that way later. It was while living on 5th street that we watched a balloon ascension a few blocks away. I ran to the barn to put the kittens away and at that moment the man hanging from the balloon by his teeth fell to his death when the strap broke. It was at Monrovia a few years before when we had seen a woman killed in the same way. I will never forget that body dressed in pink tights as it hurtled through the air.

When we went to Santa Ana, Papa was a Baptist and Mama was a Southern Methodist, but they decided to go into the same church. They attended several and at the Presbyterian church, Mr. Galloway, the Sunday School Superintendent was so friendly that they joined that church which made us Presbyterians the rest of our lives. Mr/ Galloway was a banker. He had a garden and started me on a cactus garden in our yard. Mama taught Sunday School classes, and teacher training classes, substituted in the schools and started the Day Nursery for the Ebell club. I do not know how she did so much when her health was never good.

I joined the church when I was 15, but I never was a very successful Christian. No matter how few dollars my parents had they believed in tithing and instilled that principle in me. In our pantry was kept a large Baker's cocoa can and into it was put ten per cent of Papa's salary on pay day. He never received more than \$87.50 a month as a railway postal clerk. When we needed a nickle for Sunday School we were told to get it from the "can.". I still can hear the money rattle as we shook it to find our nickle. When the new church was built, the folks felt that all they could give was twenty-five dollars. It was the day of ornate architecture and I think that they were slightly disillusioned when they found that one small ornament on top of a pole cost the amount that they gave. There is always the question in my mind of how much elaborate, expensive work the Lord wants in His House. Every Sunday we attended Sunday School and church in the morning and Christian Endeavor and church in the evening. Most of our social life was centered around the church. We were taught never to buy anything on Sundays although we did take drives after Papa bought his first Overland car, vintage of 1914. How far our feet have strayed! There was a time when I rebelled at staying to church, so I would be allowed to go home after Sunday School. But when I reached home, there was a note telling me what to prepare for noon dinner and I soon found that I preferred church to cooking the dinner.

Mama and Papa belonged to the Workmen and Degree of Honor lodges and carried life insurance with those organizations. When we lived in a little rented house on 5th street in Santa Ana, Mama was sent as a delegate to Sioux Falls, S.D. and Grandma Norman stayed with us. On the day before Mama's return we all went to an outdoor meeting to hear Williams Jennings Bryan speak. We were Democrats then. I threww up when we got home and it turned out to be measles, which I passed on to Rosamond and little Ellen whom Dad had brought down from Duarte to surprise us. Of course she gave it to her sisters. Mama became "Grand Chief" of the lodge and traveled for six weeks over California and had a trip to Niagara Falls, all expenses paid. She had gone into this only because her brothers and Dad urged it. But Mama began to see that such things were empty and futile and that God's work was far more important. So she entered whole heartedly into church work.

On my ninth birthday Aunt Jinks gave a party for me at Uncle Doc's house in lower Duarte. Aunt Myrtle, who had not yet married Uncle Doc says that she always remembered the date, because she had to come home early from a camping trip for the party. Cousin Mary Layne painted the souvenir cards with dainty flowers and each child wrote his name. One little girl, Alice Thompson could not write, so made a cross as did others. I remember her because she wore white satin or kid slippers, the first I had ever seen. Some of the relatives at Aunt Jink's suggestion gave me money for my first violin, which cost ten dollars. I was her favorite and I would have been even more spoiled if she had lived, but she died a year or so afterwards.

Mama took me to a music teacher, Mr. Babeze, but the first year was wasted, for he was a poor musician. James Rice was my next teacher. Like Mr. Staples, my violin teacher in Pomona Mr. Rice like to change the style of his beard and moustache and was always growing something new. Beards were then artistic and were not associated with beatniks.

All through my school years I studied the violin, taking lessons from Osmar Dietz, a very young man during high school days. Of course I had to be urged to practice. Mama was so ambitious for me and always managed to have money to take me to Los Angeles to hear the great violinists--Maude Powell, Kubelik, Ysaye, Elman, Kreisler. Mama could not understand why I did not like to play for people and she would cite my cousin Bess who would always play when asked. But I ever was filled with timidity and self-criticism about my playing. (Inferiority complex, it would be called now). and I was scared to death to play in public. I remember when Viola Hill played the trumpet and Rosamond at the piano and Lilian on her violin played a trio on the stage of the OperaHouse. It must have been at a W.C.T.U. convention, for Mrs. Hill and Mama were active in that organization. We played some such atrocious piece as "Hearts and Flowers" and it must have been pretty horrible.

We attended the old First Street school but when I was ten Papa borrowed money and built a house at 16th and Bush in Santa Ana. Rosamond says that the house cost only \$13,00 but I do not remember. I thought a mortgage was a disgrace and always was conscious that Mr. Mateer, an old banker in our church held the mortgage and I was thankful when Papa could pay it off. I lived in this house until we were married there in 1915. Papa raised vegetables on our three lots and on nearby vacant lots, for he was at home in the middle of the day. We had fruit trees, berries, chickens, turkeys, cow and horse and lived comfortably.

From the fifth grade I attended old Central School. My outstanding memory of that school was the visit of Jouquin Miller, the poet. He spoke to us on the steps of the building and began by quoting,

" I saw a man go ridin' by
Sez I to him 'Your horse will die'
Sez he to me, 'If he does
I'll tan his skin
And if he doesn't
I'll ride him agin.' "

Then he talked on the theme, "Every cloud has a silver lining." As he walked through the crowd of children, he placed his hand on my head. Will I ever forget that?

During our early years in Santa Ana many of Mama's family died, her father and grandmother and her younger brother Lee and sister Jennie(Jinks), both promising young doctors. When she heard me say, "I wish my Mama would smile" she decided that she must not let her sadness effect us. My cousin Evelyn was born in Long Beach about that time and Aunt Mollie was sad because she too had lost a younger brother. So Uncle Maj sent a telegram to Mama asking her to bring us over. So old Duke was hitched to the buggy and with Rosamond and me Mama drove along dirt roads and across fields past the Los Alamitos sugar factory to Long Beach. We were accustomed to those long drives, for each summer we rode through Fullerton, La Habra and other country towns that are now cities to visit relatives in Duarte. We counted white horses, sang and joked all the way and ate our lunch under the trees near La Habra or beside the Mountain View school house near El Monte.

At Duarte we visited at Uncle Jakes and if it was apricot season helped (?) with pitting them. Or we stayed with Aunt Myrtle. I now wonder if we were invited or just came anyway. Aunt Myrtle has told of the day Ellen and I spent with her. We begged to go down to the shop which had belonged to our grandfather and uncle Maj. Strangers owned it now And Aunt Myrtle did not think it proper for little girls to go among the rough men. She had no children of her own, so we gave her a rough time.

There were few telephones and of course we had none at first, but later we had two phones for there were two telephone companies and when Mama was in club and church work she needed both. They stood side by side on the dining room wall at the 16th street house. When I was down town with day with a neighbor girl, Evelyn Preston she went into a drug store and phoned to her mother. How sophisticated she seemed to me! And then when she suggested that we have a coke I was filled with admiration. It was my first coke and the fizz coming back through my nose was almost too much for me. I don't believe that Mama approved of cokes, for they were supposed to have cocaine in them.

As I grew up I felt the loneliness of adolescence. I was left to my own devices after school, for Mama was often away. Our parents were strict, but kind and though I am sure that I resented authority and threw tantrums I never resented the close association

with my parents, for they often went with us to school affairs. But I was bored and lonely after school. There were tall pine trees along our street and I used to climb to the top of them. One time I spent days building a little house of adobe, molding tiny bricks of the heavy Santa Ana mud. I used to browse thru' the old books that had belonged to my grandparents, especially the one about Stanley and Livingston with animal pictures. There was a period when I devoured E.P. Roe books and of course I almost wore out Miss Alcott's books. In the early evening we often played tin can hockey in the street with the Swanner and Robinson boys and Ridley Smith--all prosperous business men now.

I entered high school when I was twelve. Mama held us up to high grades, for she thought they were of great importance. I had four years of Latin in high school and one in college and feel now that it was a fine foundation. The semester that we had Physics problems I flunked the final exam. but the teacher let me take it over. The second semester was easier for me, for I could memorize better than I could reason and my grade was high enough for me to be excused from taking the final exam. In fact, I did not have to take any exams at my graduation time. There were only 17 in our class. I was too bashful, too awkward and too afraid of the boys to go on dates and I feared teasing by my family. I did accept an invitation to go to a party with a boy I did not like and worked myself ~~to~~ up to such a pitch that I was too sick to go when the time came. In later years when I had a family I determined that there should be no cruel teasing about girls. I wanted my boys to feel that it was a normal, casual thing to date girls and I do hope they they know I tried. I confess that I teased Rosamond about the boys, but I believe that Mama should have curbed it. Rosamond says that I broke up a budding romance for her by hiding behind the bushes listening to the conversation as they passed. But I doubt it.

When I was only nine or ten, Bess, who used to stay with us when she took music lessons teased me about a boy who had been in a play with me. I hid under the bed. In our little rented house were fleas by the dozens, so Mama had put fly paper under the bed with a piece of meat for flea bait. It was in that fly paper that I rolled my head when I hid. It took much patience and gasoline to clean the sticky mess from my head. About that time, I received a May basket with a note, saying "To dear Lilian, from Robert and Andrew". My family had a field day teasing me about that. Rosamond used to tease me about mistakes in pronunciation and even now teasing bothers me. Rosamond thought it very funny when I pronounced "boulevard" "bullyard" and when I was singing, "There is a green hill far away that has no city wall" instead of "without a city wall" how she did laugh.

Our high school class graduated on Feb. 11, 1907, for we were a mid-year class. Our colors were black and gold and our class flower was the yellow mustard, which was plentiful that time of year. The exercises were held in Spurgeon Hall. Although I was only sixteen, my white dress came to the floor. Mama had made it, copying a dress of Bess' with yards and yards of set in embroidery and many fine tucks. She embroidered my corset cover, ruffled "drawers" and petticoat with lilies of the valley. Look in a trunk in the attic and you will find the garments.

Our class play was "The Crisis" with Amy Mead as heroine, Virginia Carvel. I had the part of a southern belle with the earth-shaking line, "Oh, girls and boys, Ginny is coming to the party tonight!" I had to run down the steps of the southern mansion and luckily I did not trip on the long, full hooped skirt. Of course Mama had made the dress.

I always was so intensely happy or unhappy. Mama often called me "Tempest and Sunshine" after the old book by that name. Mama's friend Mrs. Breeden had given me a bunch of artificial lilies-of-the-valley for a graduation gift. They were expensive I am sure, but artificial flowers were now worn in those days. However, Mama insisted that I wear them at my belt. Everyone would admire them and then say, "Oh, they are not real!" Then, to cap it all, it had been announced that none of the girls was to receive flowers and our family was the only one that paid any attention to the rule. You can see that it still hurts me years later because I had to wear the artificial flowers and received no real flowers.

Do not get the idea that my life was unhappy, for it wasn't. Just the inner struggle of growing up bothered me too long and perhaps my mother, as wise and good as she was did not know how to cope with me. When I would have a crying jag, Mama would say, "Now, hush up". but Rosamond would say, "Lil, you will make your face all swollen and red" and I would quiet down, for she appealed to my vanity. I know that I was spoiled, but in later years I feel that some of my instability was inherited. The fact that I was spoiled worried Mama and when I became engaged she said to Kilburne, "Lil is awfully spoiled" and in his quiet way he replied, "I like 'em spoiled." I don't doubt but that he changed his mind through the years, for I always have been a spit-fire and have cried easily. But he has spoiled me too.

There was another unhappy event that stays in my memory. Rosamond entered the L.A. Normal School. (She stayed only six weeks for it was not what she wanted). Mama felt that she must earn something to help with our education, so she accepted a teaching position at Duarte, staying at Aunt Myrtle's and coming home on the big red cars week-ends. That left me to keep house for Dad. He decided to take a vacation and left me with Mr. and Mrs. Moser, an old couple across the street. I nearly died of loneliness although Mrs. Moser regaled me with stories of her childhood among them the story of her meeting Washington Irving when he came to her house. She was a little girl, crying on the door step because she had been left at home with a task to do. He wrote a column about her in the newspaper and sent her a small jewel box. Well, Papa came home in a week, Mama's health would not permit her to continue teaching, Rosamond came home too and our family again went into its normal routine.

We were not allowed to dance or play cards, but we did not miss it for it was not done at school or church parties. Our father or some other parent usually took us to these parties and came after us. We had church picnics at Orange County park, now Irvine Park and school picnics at Laguna Beach, which was a small, isolated hamlet then. We were not allowed to ride in a tally-ho to Laguna, for one had once tipped over, dowsing the passengers in a drainage ditch. We went in wagons or surries and often Mama would take us with Duke and the buggy. Once I was permitted to ride to Laguna with Mac Robbins to visit the Robbins family. In April, 1906 our class had a houseparty at Laguna, staying at "The Seven Gables". We were chaperoned by Miss Moore, our class teacher. I remember that we

walked over the rocks with some of the boys, Charlie Wollaston, now a little old bachelor in Santa Ana and John Wilson, who later became a famous orthopaedic surgeon. It was while at Laguna that we heard rumors of a terrible earthquake and it was reported that Catalina had sunk into the sea. Of course that was untrue, but later we heard the news of the San Francisco earthquake and fire. You see, there were no radios and few telephones.

During our school years we earned spending money in the summers by cutting apricots and Rosamond was a whiz at it. Even the sons and daughters of the "best people" worked in apricots for it was great fun. We rode our bikes out into the country often on 17th street. When I was younger, some summers I was at Uncle Jake's place at Duarte during the apricot season. We played most of the time and Uncle Jake would let us ride on the horse sled that brought in the boxes of fruit.

We used the money that we earned for some of our school clothes and for spending money on the Pike when we visited Aunt Mollie at Long Beach. We rode our bikes from their farm into the town. Santa Ana was a city of bicycles, for there were no hills. Old and young rode and Mama used a bike until I was grown. I rode to and from school and when I would arrive home I would throw down my bike and run into the house to tell Mama the news. I received my bike on my tenth birthday. That day, Uncle Maj brought me home from Long Beach in a wagon in the back of which rode our cow which he was returning. Every once in awhile Uncle Maj would poke me in the back with his thumb and I would think it was the cow's horn. Many a time, when we heard the fire whistle at the Water Works blow, Papa, Rosamond and I would jump on our bikes and chase the fire. Rosamond likes to tell how she used to check her bike on the S.P. train to L.A., get off at the Arcade station, where the Union Station now stands and ride to the doctor's office at 3rd and Broadway, I think it was.

I have met few famous people in my life, but I remember meeting Madame Helena Mojeska, the famous actress. She was a friend of the Yock family, whose daughters were in school with us. One day Agnes Yock and I went across the street from the school to the big, old home of the family. In the garden was Madame Mojeska, Agnes introduced me and told her that we were looking for costumes for a play and Madame said that if we only were at her ranch in the canyon we could find plenty. I do not know what play we were planning, for I was not in many. When I finished the eighth grade, we had a play in which I had to climb on a chair afraid of a mouse. I was dressed up in a long dress and wore a beautiful hat borrowed from Berta Mosher our neighbor. Never having been afraid of mice, it was not very realistic to me until I saw Aunt Helen scream and put her feet on a chair when a mouse ran through our living room. I believe that women feared that mice would get up their long skirts.

~~I must digress here to tell two mouse stories. Once Aunt Helen was singing in the church choir of their small church when a mouse ran across and up went her feet on a chair. Then I remember hearing the story of a mouse running up Uncle Maj's pants leg and what a time he had.~~

A trip to Los Angeles was a great treat. When we were little girls, Mama always took us to rest in the parlor of the Natick House, the rendezvous of the country people. I remember the red plush seats. We visited too the Chamber of Commerce where there was a life-sized elephant covered with walnuts. If Mama went to L.A. alone she sometimes brought us bananas which were a great treat. One time she took us to La Fiesta and I was thrilled because I was sure that the queen waved to me. I think that we sometimes went to Pasadena by train from Duarte to buy our shoes. Once I remember riding from Pasadena between the big trees on Falling Leaf Ave. with Aunt Myrtle and Uncle Doc. We rode in a buggy with rubber tires, the height of luxury behind their prancing horse, Primo. In our high school and college days we did most of our shopping in L.A. usually at Coulter's on 2nd and Broadway. Mama hunted for bargains and remnants and made all of our clothes. In college, I had a suit that she made that cost under four dollars. One year someone said that I was the best dressed girl in college, but it was a great burden, I now see for Mama to do so much sewing. I always was anxious for a new dress, but hated to stand to be fitted. I know now too that it hurt Mama not to be able to get me the clothes that I wanted. Once we shopped for a coat, but the one I wanted was too expensive so we ended by getting me a short blue cape lined with plaid.

It was in high school days that we began going to Catalina for our vacations. Previously, the folks had managed a vacation in the little town of Long Beach where we went by train. On the evenings we played on the beach, for there were no buildings there then. One little boy brought a lighted little lantern with him and when that burned out it was time for him to go home. One year I stayed at apartment with Grandma Norman in Long Beach, for a few days. She did much embroidery and showed me how. In later years, we visited with Uncle Maj and Aunt Mollie in town or on their farm. Through the L.A. Examiner, postal clerks were allowed to go to Catalina for only one dollar fare, so that began our trips to Avalon. Papa and Uncle Will had bought Grandma Norman's place at Duarte and later Papa was able to buy Uncle Will's share and as the orchard prospered, and we had finished college, Papa bought the little house at Catalina. I think it was in 1913.

In the fall of 1906 Rosamond went to Pomona College. We were Presbyterians, but did not go to Occidental, for at that time it was not accredited to the university and besides, the folks had visited Aunt Helen who lived in Claremont and they liked the town and college. After I had finished high school in Feb. 1907, I visited the Daniels family, who had moved to a farm near Hemet. I stayed a month, for even as now I had many colds and a cough so Mama thought the hot, dry climate of Hemet would help me. Bess practised many hours on the piano and when I hear some of those piano pieces now I am transported back to that little house in Hemet. Two brothers named Prior used to come to rehearse with Bess as they sang, "Calm as the Night, Deep as the Sea". Being sixteen, I silently had a "crush" on one of them. Aunt Helen sang in the choir at church and one Sunday I played an obligato for her when she sang a song to the tune of "Consolation."

In the Spring I visited Rosamond, who lived with other Santa Ana girls and boarded at the Inn. She had often written home about the young man with beautiful brown eyes, who was "head" of her table at the Inn. The first night I went to dinner I sat at the end of the table (Kilburne always says, "In a calico dress") and at the second dinner, I sat beside him. Since the meal was served family style he asked me to serve the vegetables. Little did I know, that I was to sit beside him and serve his vegetables to these many years.

The next September, I entered Pomona College and that was the beginning of the silliest, friendliest, most glamorous years of my life. I cannot say that they were the happiest, but they were mighty happy. I was not afraid to have dates, for everyone went with the boys. I began violin lessons with Mr. Staples and through him I met Leona Mudgett, who played the piano and accompanied me many times. We became close friends and have never lost our friendship although she lived over the world and traveled everywhere while I have stayed fairly close to home. We used to compete to see which would have the most beaux and kept a list in the back of our memory books. I settled down to one before she did so her list was longer, but one evening I had five bids for a party. How silly could we be? Leona lived with her father in a little white house called "The Chicken Coop". They had a little horse named Billy that we drove around town with a spring wagon. One year in a Y.W. show we painted white stripes on Billy and showed him as a zebra. I was the wild woman in that show. We were not allowed to have dates on Sunday, but we got around that by going to Leona's Sunday afternoon and the boys would turn up there too to listen to our music. Leona married Dave Crawford, who later became President of the U. of Hawaii and later of Doane college in Nebraska.

Rosamond and I lived that first year in the home of a distant cousin by marriage, Cousin Mary Gregg, a cranky widow with a repulsive nephew. We cooked our meals in her kitchen. I floated along in my flighty way, studying, practising, playing basketball, going to parties and picnics until one day in January, Rosamond brought a note to me. It was signed "Tommy" and invited me to two things. One was a reception at which I played a solo and I remember that my fiddle string broke. During the party we sat for awhile on a bench in the corner of the long hall and I was thrilled to have such a handsome beau. Well, you know how that turned out, for he was the young man with the laughing brown eyes and tho it was after eight years of teaching and school before I landed him, I've kept him for over forty years without a regret on my part.

The young people of today would think our parties and picnics were very dull and our pleasures very simple. The parties were called "Jolly-ups" and we played such games either in the gym or outside near Indian Hill as "Three Deep" or "Drop the Handkerchief." The picnics were in the canyons and if the streams were high the boys thought it great fun to carry the girls across. We attended concerts and lectures and I played with the orchestra when oratorios such as "The Messiah" and "Elijah" were presented. Once a senior who lived in the same house as Kilburne invited me to go to a YMCA show.

He brought me a bunch of violets to wear and I was thrilled until I found that he had asked me just to tease Kilburne, who asked me too late. The senior's name was Phil Smith and he became a famous scientist. He took me to a picnic when some of the seniors asked the Santa Ana girls, but never again.

The college rules were very strict. We had to have our lights out by 10 P.M. whether we lived in the dorm or not. It was not until our Senior year that we were permitted to have parties on a school night until eleven. A few times some of us went on a surrey ride with boys, unchaperoned, a scandalous breaking of rules. One night my steady beau was calling on me when the nine-forty-five bell rang. Cousin Mary, who retired with the chickens came partly downstairs in her nightgown and called, "Do you folks hear that bell? It means it is time to go home." Thank goodness it did not scare Kilburne entirely away.

We were required to go to church and on Monday had to turn in a church slip to prove we had attended. We also had chapel every day before lunch. Our week-end holiday was on Monday instead of Saturday, I suppose so that we would not study on Sunday. I never had the habit of studying on Sunday and it rather bothered me to see my sons leave their lesson preparations until Sunday evening. We could not leave town without signing a slip telling where we were going.

The summer after my Freshman year, Uncle Will Norman invited us all to come back to Missouri. Our cousins had visited us two or three times and Uncle Will came out every year, so they were not strangers to us. Uncle Will appreciated all that Papa had done during their joint ownership of the ranch so he offered to pay our fares to Missouri. Imagine what that meant to two girls who had never been outside of California. The first part of the summer we spent madly sewing on shirtwaists, suits, white skirts and underwear. I had a new Merry Widow hat trimmed with a bunch of violets. Grandma Norman came to visit and wanted to help by making buttonholes, but she did not make them to suit us. At last we got off via San Francisco and Colorado. We went in a tourist car that stopped over for a day here and there, so we spent the day with Aunt Till's family in Berkeley and in Denver we went to see some cousins of Papa's. Rosamond and I had great fun sleeping in an upper berth, sitting up and peering around. A long necked sheriff with a big moustache once sat up in his berth and looked around as we did, so of course we ducked down giggling. Papa and Uncle Will had handlebar moustaches too for they were the fashion.

We stayed several weeks at Uncle Will's where we were served big meals with meat or chicken three times a day. We played tennis with our cousins, who thought we were real players because we hit the ball once in awhile. Our cousin Neil returned to William Jewel college while we were there. A few years later he accidentally shot himself. When it was almost time for us to come home, Clyde decided to be married, so I persuaded the folks to stay for the wedding. But a few days before that event, I was struck with acute appendicitis. Aunt Belle Norman's brother, Dr. Ed Churchill took care of me and it was a wonder I was not killed, for in those days they gave castor oil. But the abscess broke on the inside and I

missed the wedding. Aunt Belle's hired girl stayed with me and on the way to the train for their honeymoon, Clyde and Florence came by to see me. I was not able to return to college that year and Rosamond entered her Junior year late.

I continued violin lessons that year, for Mr. Staples gave them to me free of charge. I often visited Rosamond that year and played with the college orchestra for oratorios. The next fall I returned to college with the class of 1912 and it took me the whole year to become adjusted to a new class. Rosamond and I kept house in a flat with Lydia Newby and Elsie Armitage. We had a family purse into which each put a dollar and that fed us for a week. Of course Mama sent us canned fruit and other things. Our most common menu was hamburger filled with bread and banana and nut salad, for it was cheap.

In the downstairs flat lived a young man with his parents. It was not considered proper for a man student to live in the same house with us and Miss Berry, the new dean of women called us into her office to discuss the matter, but nothing was done. I did not have many beaux that year, for "Tommy" had gone east to Cornell and everyone thought we were engaged, but alas, we weren't. Two boys, who lived in a shed back of us hunted a great deal and brought us quail and rabbits. I shocked my friends by going to a football game with one of them, who did not have a very good reputation. He was a bore, but it was someone to pay my way to the game.

In my Sophomore year, I had my first violin recital. Mama made me a long, pink dress trimmed with a sequin yoke. I received many lovely flowers, but the bouquet that pleased me most was a bunch of red roses with the card "Kilburne Gally". He had written Lynn Birdsall asking him to buy me flowers, but instead Lynn had picked a stiff little bouquet. During my Freshman year, upon urging from Mr. Staples Papa bought me a violin for \$175. It was a new one made by Terence O'Laughlin in L.A. and I learned later that it was not too good, but it served me well and I still have it.

Pomona was founded by a group of New England educators and most of them still taught in the college. The professor we loved the best was Prof. Colcord, who taught Latin. My family had known him as a minister in Monrovia. His wife, a Mt. Holyoke graduate did not care for housekeeping so we understood that Mr. Colcord did most of the cooking and some of the sewing for his daughter, but he was in no way effeminate. Occasionally, he invited us to a real New England dinner with baked beans and brown bread, cut at the table. It was therethat I first had a salad of cottage cheese and canned pears.

By my Junior year I felt that I really belonged to my class and was on the board that published the Metate, the college annual. After Rosamond graduated, I lived for two years in the home of Mrs. Scharle, who was a real mother to me and a wonderful cook. It was in the spring of that year that Ellen and I went to Capitola to the Y.W. conference. I carried our extra money in a cloth bag pinned inside my corset. One night some of the girls in the next room hid my corset with the money and we did not appreciate that. Ellen and I left Capitola early and visited

Rosamond, who was taking her graduate year there. On this trip to Capitola we saw the big trees near Santa Cruz for the first time.

In my Senior year, I gave me second violin recital. Bess played my accompaniments. She gave me pink satin slippers and pink silk stockings, my first silk ones to go with the chiffon dress Mama made me, blue chiffon over pink silk trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds. Bess also played for me when I played part of the Mendelssohn G Minor concerto at the graduation exercises. Our class play, given in the crude outdoor theater in "The Wash" was a story of early Spanish days in California. It was written by one of the boys and showed the influence of the Mission Play at San Gabriel, which was in its beginnings. I danced a solo Spanish dance in the play, wearing a yellow and black dress, with red petticoats. I am sure that it would be laughed at now-a-days, but we thought it was fine.

The week after graduation, 25 of our class went to Bluff Lake near Big Bear where we stayed in cabins. The cost was \$25, but my folks were able to give me the trip as well as a string of gold beads. Mrs. Carver, who was our chaperone rode in the wagon with the four horse team, which carried our luggage. The others had insisted that I take my fiddle to play with songs around the campfires, but I did not use it much.. K.L.(Hash) Carver drove the team, but the rest of us walked most of the way from Mentone where we had spent the night. A few of us were too tired to climb the switchbacks of Clark's grade so when nightfall came we stayed overnight at Clark's cabins. How I hated to take my pictures and pennants down from the walls of my room at the Scharle's and leave Claremont! When we reached Claremont by train from Riverside we were met by Margaret Scharle in her new Ford. A few autos were beginning to appear in Claremont and even in my Freshman year, C. Stanley Chapman had a car, which Kilburne would borrow sometimes. They all cranked on the side. We thought it great fun when Kilburne had to get under the car to fix something, for the song "He had to get under, get out and get under" was new.

I knew that I was not enough of a musician to make music my profession in spite of Mama's hopes, so I decided to go to Santa Barbara with some of my classmates to take a teacher's course in Home Economics. Papa was on a run to Santa Barbara at that time, so he found a boarding house for me at Mrs. Miller's where I roomed with Hulda Scharle. Several other girls from Stanford, Oxy and other colleges roomed there and we were a congenial bunch, taking long walks together, going to the beach or the movies which were rather new then. Miss Rich, the president ruled us with an iron hand. Our landlady, who had been married and widowed three times was a wonderful mother to us. As a young teacher, she had come to the wild west in Nevada and the first year had twelve proposals. Those of us who had birthdays in the summer were allowed to choose a day for a birthday dinner, so I chose St. Patrick's day and Miss Rich and her mother were our special guests. We always found favors in the cake, a dime, a thimble etc.

About that time a friend of our family, a L.A. lawyer was corresponding with me. I thought he was an old man at 35, but I admit that I got a kick out of stringing him along. His mother was ill and he was looking around for someone to take care of him after she died. He sent me a bunch of green carnations on St. Patrick's day. When his letters became mushier and mushier, I put a stop to the correspondence and, three months he had married a woman nearer his age. I had taken the L.A. teachers' exams and because of his influence was offered a position as substitute teacher before I finished school, but I declined. During our final exam week I came down with the measles, so Mama came up to take care of me. I had to return three months later to take the exams although I had been given my diploma.

Mama was on the Santa Ana school board at that time, so it was not difficult for me to get a position and I was elected at Orange Union High School. Miss Rich demanded that I return for a summer course, but Mama talked her out of it.

Kilburne had finished Cornell in Feb., 1913 so came to his home in the Ojai. He came to see me several times at Santa Barbara and since men were scarce around our house, he caused much excitement. He soon got a position with the Staats Co. where he has worked ever since. I had seen him only once each summer while he was at Cornell and we corresponded. I was very careful not to answer his letters too soon nor write too often.

During the summer after finishing at Santa Barbara, I went with Rosamond, Ida and Ellen to Summer school at Berkeley. We lived in the Carnarvon club house where Ida and Rosamond had lived. It afterwards became Alpha Delta Pi. There were no national sororities at Pomona, but I had belonged to the only local one, Sigma Beta. At Berkeley I took a course in sewing, one in orchestra directing and gym. I learned little but we had a lot of fun. We prepared our own meals and one day when Ellen and I were returning from market with our arms full, I tripped on my long, narrow dress and fell from the street car. Little cars with seats on the sides ran up the hill. I rolled down almost in front of a team of horses that reared back. I was unhurt but the conductor took our names and we walked on home giggling. My box of strawberries ^{was} scattered everywhere.

It was not long after I began teaching that Kilburne and I became engaged and he gave me my diamond ring. He had given me a sterling silver coin case that Mama thought I should not accept, for it was not proper for a girl to receive expensive gifts from a boy to whom she was not engaged. But I kept it. The Christmas after we were engaged, Kilburne gave me a gold wrist watch. We were keeping our engagement a secret, so I could not show the watch to Aunt Helen and Bess, who spent that Christmas with us.

I installed the Home Economics department in the Orange high school and taught cooking and sewing for two years and coached the girls' basketball team without anyone discovering how little I knew about the subjects. For basketball, we wore dark bloomers, long stockings and tennis shoes, with a sailor blouse, usually of wool material. Rosamond coached the team at Santa Ana and Leona

coached at Huntington Beach, so I was proud when my girls won the county championship, although it was due to the good players and not my coaching. The principal at Orange was very straight-laced and one of the reasons that he engaged me was because I did not dance or play cards. I was given full sway in buying equipment for the rooms and there was never any question about the amount I charged for groceries. We often had to give luncheons for visiting dignitaries, once even a Senator. We also gave an annual dinner for the Board of Education with the students cooking and serving the meals.

During my second summer, I took a course in sewing in L.A., staying at the Clark Home (YWCA) for a short time. That summer I visited Kilburne's mother in Ojai. I had met her once before when I was visiting Eva Rasmussen in Ventura. Kilburne came for me in Howard's open Buick to take me to call on his mother, who was staying at her house with the tower near the beach. I wore a little hat of white terry cloth that we had made while at Eva's and borrowed her fur piece to make a good impression. It was a rather stiff, formal visit for I did not feel at ease. Eva and Helen Andrews were excited, for when a young man took a girl to see his mother, it usually meant he was serious. I caught a glimpse of a pink shawl on the stairway as we left and years later I learned that Margaretta and Beale, Kilburne's old nurse were leaning over the bannisters to try to see me. I was told in later years that Mother Gally once said to Kilburne, "I should think you would have outgrown that school romance" and he replied, "She has grown up as much as I have." On my first visit to Ojai I slept very late the first morning. Margaretta and the boys chased the chickens and turkeys from under my window so that I would not be disturbed, but I do not know what my future mother-in-law thought of my laziness.

Every spare moment during those two years that we were engaged was taken with filling my cedar chest (hope chest, it was called) embroidering and crocheting and buying linens. I had saved half of my salary during the last year, for I paid no board at home. During my first year of teaching I had paid Rosamond half of the amount that she had advanced for my year at Santa Barbara. Kilburne began on \$60 a month and we were married on \$100 a month. I had received \$1,000 a year at first and the second year of teaching I was paid \$1,000.

Bullock's store in L.A. was quite new in 1915, so Mama and I went to their wedding advisor, who drew a design for my dress and helped us shop for white satin and rose point lace. When Sid and Helen were married, I made Helen's cap and those of the bride's -maids of part of that lace. Material for the veil was bought at Coulter's. A dressmaker made my dress with a shoulder train for \$12. She also made me two blue silk dresses. There were no synthetic materials then. It was the custom to wear your wedding dress as a formal to other weddings, so I wore mine several times - to Leora's and Hulda's where I played my violin and to Ellen's and Lucile's. Leona and Dave were married the year before I was and when I played for that, I had a new pink flowered taffeta dress. I did not keep my wedding dress, but foolishly ripped it up, had it dyed and made it into a black formal when I was playing in the Civic orchestra.

Two weeks before I was married, Rosamond, Alice Gaul and I went to the World's Fair at San Francisco. Kilburne's mother was there at the same time and we were to meet her at one of the gates, but we waited at different gates and finally had to leave to catch our train. It was at the beginning of modernistic art and we were amused by the pictures in the art gallery. Alice and I giggled our way through the fair, but Rosamond was more sedate. The girls at Rosamond's club house in Berkeley were amazed that I could come away at a time so near my wedding, but I had everything ready. I told them that I wanted to have one last good time.

During my last year of teaching, Mama was persuaded by her friends to be a candidate for county superintendent of schools, since she was on the Board of Education. Papa had had a good orange year, so he bought a 1914 Overland, much to our delight. Kilburne taught Rosamond and me to drive and we practised by driving around and around the block. Mama drove over the county campaigning, but she was defeated by the incumbent, who was a politician. His supporters claimed that she did not need the job because she owned an orange orchard and a house at Avalon. Mama had had signs resembling auto signs printed and hired Charlie Swanner to tack them on poles over the county. There were no laws then governing the posting of signs. Our minister, Mr. Stevenson said that when he stopped to read a road sign, it would say, "Vote for Viola S. Norman." Papa had retired from the mail service and for a time worked in Hill's Hardware store. Then he put a little money in Smart and Final, a wholesale grocery business begun in Santa Ana. He was the first secretary, but resigned and took out his money for he felt that the manager was dishonest. That firm now is worth millions, but Papa could not foresee that. Dad finally had a nervous breakdown from which he never fully recovered.

On Sept. 14, 1915, Kilburne and I were married at my parents' home in Santa Ana. Only twenty guests were there, for our house was small. But I had an array of gifts including a full set of sterling silver flatware from Kilburne's family. Our house was on a corner with a small lawn. Papa and a Japanese boy, whom he hired built a fence of greenery around the lawn and the wedding supper of chicken salad, cake and ice cream were served at small tables. Mr. and Mrs. Jardine and Herbert and Adelaide Worcester were the only guests who were not relatives. When Mrs. Jardine met Aunt Helen, she said, "Why you are Helen Shrode" and it turned out that Mrs. J. who rather awed us had been a girl on an El Monte farm in Mama's girlhood.

Kilburne and I rented the lower floor of a house on Winona Blvd. in Hollywood between Vermont and Western. It was far out then. We went directly there after our wedding. Kilburne had borrowed Howard's Hupmobile for our honeymoon, but we had to stay in L.A. for a few days, for Kilburne had a leg infection that needed a doctor's care. One day we came to Pasadena and rode the cable car to Mt. Lowe, my first trip there. That night we had a steak dinner at the chocolate shop for 25 cents each. A few days later, we drove to the Yosemite. The Ridge Route had not been built so we drove through Mint Canyon to the Mojave desert and it took several days to reach the Yosemite. It was a dry year, so there was very little water in the falls and Mirror Lake was a mud hole.

We stayed in a tent house at Camp Gurry and there we met another couple, Harris and Mable Beck, who had been married the day after we were. We found that they lived near us in Hollywood and we saw them occasionally until they moved to San Francisco. We still hear from them at Christmas. On the way home we stopped overnight in Ojai to leave the car there and came on home by train.

We did not like living in Hollywood, for even then the movie people were encroaching. Kilburne had a little money from an aunt so we bought a small house at 667 W. California St., Pasadena and moved over before Christmas, 1915. We had very little furniture. Mother Gally gave us a few things, including blankets and pillows from the cottages and we bought a fumed oak dining set and four living room chairs. With money my folks had given us we bought two Wilton rugs. When we were still eating on a card table, Willy came to visit us. His mother told him we were camping, but he said that if Kib could camp so could he. He still was in college at Berkeley and I did not know him very well then. We had no idea that in later years he would be a retired General in the Marine Corps.

Kib had bought the Worcester's little Hupmobile, a car that we loved even tho we had to crank it. It's tail light was a kerosene lantern that had to be watched carefully, for sometimes it blew out. Willy and I drove into L.A. to pick up Kilburne. I thought I should be polite and allow him to drive, but he was not accustomed to the car and I doubt if he had driven much, so I was nervous all the way. A year or so later Kilburne and I made a canvas top for the Hup. He made the pattern and cut it and I sewed it on the machine. I was pregnant then and could not pump the machine (no electric machines then), so Kilburne pushed the treadle from underneath while I stitched.

We lived next door to the Worcester family and ran around with them a great deal although they were older and lived a gayer life. They built a house at Big Bear, so we leased the other half of their land from the government for \$25 a year and built a one-roomed cabin. That was the summer of 1916. My folks had moved to the ranch at Duarte, renting and later selling the Santa Ana house. They took their Overland and a trailer to carry our things to the mountains and we drove our Hup. The trailer was too heavy to pull over the grades, so we had to sleep out one night on the desert. Finally, the trailer had to be unloaded and left beside the road on a grade and picked up on our way down, or rather, the next day. The roads were so rough and narrow. In one place, Kilburne was slowly meeting a car when the side of the road began to give away. He jumped out, thinking it was going over, but the men grabbed the car and got it back in place.

We camped while our house was being built, cooking on a small wood stove that had been given to us. We went to the mountains often after that, altho it was a six hour trip. One night we helped the Worcesters take a boat on a trailer to Big Bear and it was a 12 hour trip. The Worcesters had taken us to Big Bear two weeks before we were married and we sat all day on the lake fishing. Mama was provoked because I was so sunburned and covered with little white blisters on face and arms. She put me to bed with unguentine all over me and there was no sign of sunburn when I wore my white satin dress.

After World War I we sold our cabin, for the water in the lake was low, fishing was poor and our little stream, dried up. A year or so ago we drove to Big Bear from Victorville and had difficulty locating the site of the cabin, for so many houses had been built.

After we had been married more than a year, we decided that it was time to start a family and on Sept. 21, 1917 our little girl was born. We named her Mary Viola for her two grandmothers. She was never well and we had her at home only about ten days altogether. Finally we took her to the Childrens' Hospital, where she died Dec. 10, 1917. By that time the United States had entered the war and Kilburne felt that he should enlist. While the baby was in the hospital we went to San Diego overnight and he enlisted in the Air Corps at North Island. Because of his eyesight, he could not be a flyer so in January, 1918 he was sent to the Officers's Training School at Ohio U., Columbus. I rented our house and went to the ranch to stay with the folks. I believe now that that was a mistake, for I got too much sympathy and was too lonely. I went into L.A. every day and took a course in typing and shorthand at Sawyer school.

After three months Kilburne was sent to San Antonio, Texas where I joined him. Marian Gore went with me, for Tom Gore had been in Kilburne's class. We were in Texas until July when Kilburne was sent to France. I dislike to think of those three miserable months. The heat and thunderstorms were terrific. The town was filthy for there were seven camps nearby and there seemed to be no civic pride. I remember how ice was delivered to offices, a chunk thrown out on the sidewalk and the janitor would carry it into the cooler. Marian and I roomed together and boarded in a house run by a shiftless woman with a drunken husband. I did volunteer work in the Home Service office of the Red Cross which looked after the poor wives and families of service men who had followed their husbands. I walked miles in the heat, visiting wives who needed help.

Papa came to visit me while we were there. As a young man he had spent a winter there with his family. We rode in street cars sightseeing all over town. Then he paid my way to Missouri where I stayed only a few days, for I feared that Kilburne would get his orders. Whenever Tom and Kilburne came in the same night one of us would go with husband to a dirty, bed buggy little hotel. Close by was a dance hall and I never hear "Over There" but the picture of that hotel room comes to my mind. The last six weeks I lived in the home of a fine, friendly family where I had a private room and bath. The Hagners were very kind to me, even lending us their Ford occasionally. The Red Cross office had been given a Ford and since I was the only one there who had driven a car, they had me learn to drive the Ford. But soon after that Kilburne received his overseas orders. He had been in charge of casuallts at Kelly Field, so when he entrained he did not go with a unit. I saw him off and managed not to weep until after the train had gone. Soon after I returned to my room, Marian and other friends came, helped me pack, and took me to the train with gifts of fruit and magazines. Mama met me in L.A. and we went to Catalina where we remained until the first of October.

I learned to swim that summer, taking a few lessons from Capt. Jack a bent little Portuguese, who could tread water out to the meet the boat, holding a flag in each hand. Before the summer was over our whole family swam around the long pier each morning. Mama had learned to swim after she was fifty.

After awhile I received a wire from Kilburne telling me to cancel his insurance, so I knew that he had sailed, for that was our code. That was in July and the war ended Nov. 11, 1918, but he had to stay in Tours, France until the next April. He had crossed the English channel on a boat that for years had been on our California coast. He had a trip to Paris and ~~w~~one to Rome, where he was sent to locate the graves of some lost flyers. In Italy he had a flight in a Caproni plane that caught on fire in the air.

I stayed at the ranch, making everyone unhappy with my unhappiness, I fear. It was hard to get help, so on New Years day we helped Papa smudge. I ran from pot to pot putting on the lids that morning and in the afternoon, I came down with the flu, for that was the year of the great epidemic. One could not enter Pasadena without wearing masks. Mama would not let us even go into stores for fear we would catch the disease and then ⁱⁿunt May came and brought it to us. Rosamond worked for awhile in an office at Pomona college and I was there for two weeks in the office of Prof. Brackett, but the college was soon closed because of the epidemic. If I could have stayed on there I would have been contented and happy.

The months finally passed and one day I received a wire saying that Kilburne had landed in Boston. I polished up the Hup and a few days later we all went to the Monrovia station at 7:30 A.M., but the train did not stop. Kilburne had had to wait for a local in San Bernardino and did not arrive until eleven. Now, we would have driven out there in a short time, but it was a long trip then. We stayed at Duarte until fall when the folks were at Catalina, for our house was still rented. I could not bear to go back to the California street house, so persuaded Kilburne to buy a house on Catalina street and later we sold the smaller house. We had not been in the house long before we began to hear talk of Green street being cut through and the plan was carried out in 1923. So we moved our house over here on Wilson Avenue and have lived here ever since.

From the first months of our marriage, we made trips to Ojai several times a year. It was not an easy drive then, for the roads were very muddy in winter. One Christmas we were pulled out of the mud by a team of horses both going and coming. Mother Gally lived in the "big house" then and the hotel kitchen had not been torn down. During the years when she had the hotel she had a Chinese cook named Sook, whom they all loved. Until the kitchen was torn down, Mother Gally left Sook's ~~kit~~ apron in the pantry where he had hung it when he went to China for the last time. Sometimes, we went to Ojai during the tennis tournament time. One time some of the tournament people who were staying at the cottages begged for breakfast. The dining-room no longer was open, but Margaretta and I served a meal and were amused when we were given fifty cents tips.

All these tales have led up to a very important event--the arrival of Joan's and Susie's Daddy upon the scene. I had had warnings all day on July 26, 1920 that he might arrive, but I did not want to get to the hospital too soon, so almost did not make it. Rosamond who had been with me two weeks drove me to the hospital but did not stay. As she came into the house, after stopping at the grocery store the phone was ringing and a voice announced, "Mrs. Gally has a fine boy". Dr. Wilson said that he almost got hit by a train as he rushed to usher Sidney into the world.

Margaretta, who had had some training as a nurse stayed with us for six weeks after I brought Sidney home from the hospital. Let's not mention Sidney's colic and six months of yelling. But he was only a little over eight months old when his Daddy came home and beamed with pride when Sidney said, "By-by" and "Tick-tick" when rtold. Sidney was three when we moved our house. That same summer he stayed for a week at Catalina with my folks and did not miss his parents at all. When Sidney was about five I began to long for music again.

I got up courage to go to see Mr. Sylvan Naack, concert master of the Philharmonic orchestra. I studied with him for about nine months but stopped when I was not well before David came. Later, when I had help I joined the Civic orchestra and played with them for two years with Mr. Reginald Bland as director. I went into the Tuesday Musicale too and played in string groups there and for several years belonged to a smaller music club. I belonged too to the College Women's Club for several years and was music chairman of that one year. But now I seem to have dropped my music entirely.

It was on Dec. 5, 1925 that David decided to appear. Sidney went to kindergarten the next fall and brought home chicken pox and mumps the latter disease to his parents too, so I took him out. His grandmother Norman had taught him to read, so he stayed in the lower first grade only a few days. But this is my story, not his and David's.

But as I think it over, I find that their life has been my life, for the next thirty or more years. Where those years have gone I do not know. I did not know anything about children, especially boys and made many mistakes in raising them, but they turned out to be young men of whom parents can be proud. I wish that I had succeeded in keeping them interested in church. Although they attended Sunday School until they were grown, in some way I failed. I was raised in a religious home, but I must not have been sure enough in my own mind to teach my boys the right kind of religion. I could not even teach them to say their prayers. I always have believed in a personal God, one to whom we can talk, but it is only lately that I have learned how God is interested in every little thing that we do and that he will answer our least prayer, if it is best for us. "~~Draw near to God and~~ He will draw near to you". But I always have been very reticent about expressing my beliefs.

Our family progressed through the years in the usual way--some illnesses, many good times. I have had surgery three times. We went to Catalina for our vacations almost every summer. During the depression, Kilburne's salary was cut in half and we had to pull in our ropes. During the prosperous years when I was not too well, I kept help in the house. But good help was hard to find and girls and women came and went. In 15 months, I had 15 different girls and then Ida Durstler came and stayed four years. She was a German-Swiss girl, faithful and dependable and learned to cook and serve and looked after David well. Because I had good help I entertained quite often with luncheons and dinners.

When we had to let Ida go we were all glad to be alone again. Sidney went into the kitchen and baked cup cakes to celebrate. After that I had part time help and a little Chinese girl, Margaret Hu lived with us for six months. She was supposed to help, but never had done housework and I was worn out trying to help her with school work.

We had various cleaning women, but the one my boys liked the best was big, fat Mary Byrd, who came over from Duarte. She stayed with us off and on during Kilburne's long illness. She loved David and always said, "David can do no wrong." Mary could not read nor write and when she cleaned the book shelves, she usually put the books back upside down. ~~Now,~~ my faithful Arthur Drew comes every week.

Now, I have a window washer who comes every week.
When David was about five, Margaretta came to stay with the family and I drove with Rosamond back to Boulder, Colo., where Rosamond planned to attend summer school. It was our first long trip. We were in an open car, the weather was hot and we had to rent a house in Boulder, for no rooms were available. We did not go near the university, but stayed three days and then went to Estes park and Loveland and came home. My father said that it was his prayers that brought us home, for Mama was sent to a hospital in L.A. because of high blood pressure and Dad was in a dither.

I need not say that on Dec. 7, 1941 the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. I remember that I heard it on the radio, but Kilburne did not know it until he got home from golf. Sidney and Clyde Dunlap had gone on a week-end trip in separate cars and as they returned home, Clyde caught up with Sid to tell him the news that he had heard on his car radio. Sidney, who had finished Caltech the previous June inquired about joining the Navy, but it was not until the next fall that he was given a commission, put on an ensign's uniform and went to Tucson, Ariz and on to Boston. He left on a Sunday afternoon. Clyde Dunlap, who already was in the army came to bid him farewell and the two boys stood in front of the fireplace and sang "Auld Lang Syne". That was too much for me and I wept in my room before taking Sidney to his train.

The following March David enlisted in the Marine Corps and after his graduation from high school in June he was sent to the U. of Colo. It was not until June 1943 that I saw either of my boys again. They both came home on leave, but we did not tell David that Sid would be here. Sid arrived the day before and went with us to meet Dave in L.A. I can see Dave now as he walked up the ramp in the station. His mouth dropped open and I could see him say, "My brother!" Then another year and a half passed before we saw our boys again. Not even when our baby died or when Kilburne went to war did I feel such desolation in my heart as I did when my boys left. I felt that life never would be the same again, but it was. My prayers were answered and both of the boys returned unharmed and our family life picked up again for a time.

When the Presbyterian church opened a canteen and dorm for service men, the Girls' Work committee of which I was a member was asked to manage the canteen. I managed it for two days a week at first and then one day. I had no trouble getting donations of money or food, for everyone was eager to help. Occasionally I brought home a homesick boy to stay all night and that helped too. Some of them had never been in a home since they left their own. I rented Sid's room for short periods to various officers at Caltech and that brightened our lives too.

One semester I took a personnel course at Caltech and was proud to get even a "C". Kilburne wanted to do something toward the war effort, but was too old to get into the Navy even for a desk job, so

he took courses in Metallurgy at Caltech and worked afterwards in a small factory besides going to the office during the day. Since he worked until midnight I was alone every evening, so I usually did my housework then. Gasoline was rationed, so we could not go far from home. We had stamps for meat, butter and gasoline. During the illness of my father, we were allowed extra gasoline.

I will not dwell on the long illness of my mother. We were fortunate in finding Frances Green, who gave Mama and Papa loving care in the long months that Mama was bedridden. After talking with Mrs Green in Hollywood where she lived, when Rosamond, Papa and I got up to go, she said, "I feel that this is the beginning of a lovely friendship". and it surely was. Mama died the day after Easter, 1947 and Papa, who had gone to live with Rosamond died the next January. Mrs. Green was with him at that time.

After the war, Sidney returned to his old job with the Gas Co. and David returned to the U. of Colorado. I had heard from Bob Mahaffey that Sidney was taking Helen McCloskey on dates. She was living in the Mahaffey home. I made an excuse to go by their house one evening and met her. One evening Sid brought Helen here and asked if I had enough supper for an extra person. Of course I said that I did even if it was only scrambled eggs. After that they were here for supper many Sunday evenings which pleased us very much. One Spring I took Helen and Sid to Catalina. Sid took her on a long hike which nearly exhausted her. Since we were there only overnight I had taken a few things for our breakfast. Helen offered to mix the pancakes. She put the eggs and milk in a bowl, reached for the pancake flour and poured it into the bowl. But it was soap flakes, not flour. Most girls would have been embarrassed, but Helen laughed and said later, "I must write mother about that". That showed me what a sunny disposition she had. It was not until April 1951 that they decided to be married and the following June their wedding gave us the daughter we had hoped for.

When we brought David home from the airport for his summer vacation, he immediately went to the phone and called Jean, so I suspected that there was a romance budding there. In August I invited Jean to go to Catalina with Dave and me and that did the trick. When Dave was in college his Dad and I drove back to Colorado and brought him home. When he graduated in June, 1949 we drove back again. Jean went by plane and Rosamond, by train. At Christmas time 1949 I think it was, three of Dave's friends visited us. One of them, Roger Cousins was married on the Bride and Groom program and we went in to see it. That week Mr. and Mrs. Willcox announced Jean's engagement at a large tea. They were not married until May 23, 1950, for Dave wanted to finish college first and it was several months before he got work at Norris.

They had not been married many months when Dave was called back into the Marine Corps. So their first Christmas was spent in Washington for David was sent to Quantico, Va. The next spring he was sent to Korea where he fought for nine months. He was very bitter about it and who can blame him. The night before he left he brought his gear down here and stencilled his name on the canvas. He worked in the living room and until I had the floor refinished several years later, part of his name and number was stencilled on the hardwood floor. Little Jean stayed with her parents and worked at Beckman.

On August 8, 1952, one of the happiest events of our lives occurred. Joan Elizabeth Gally, our first grandchild was born and what a joy she is to us! On Nov 5, 1953, Ann Margaret arrived eleven weeks early. When she was a year old her parents took her to Denver to live and we do not often see the sweet young lady although we did drive back to Denver every year for awhile. Susan Mary came along Nov. 8, 1954 (Do I have the correct dates?) Now we have Tommy (Thomas Kilburne Gally II) and darling Janet the only brown-eyed one.

July 22, 1965.

To my beloved grandchildren;

This is not intended to be a literary gem. It is just the tale of the seventy-five years of the very ordinary life of a very ordinary person. I began this in Feb. 1957, added a little in April, 1963 as it is dated at the beginning and now, when we are making plans for our Golden Wedding it is finished. You know, of course that two years ago we were crowded out by apartment houses on Wilson Avenue and moved over to 1746 Oakdale St. where we are contented and happy.

I wish that I could express my deep satisfaction and joy in our whole family, but I always am afraid of showing too much sentiment. Our sons are faithful, dependable, successful men and wonderful fathers. I think that their wives have come to believe that I am not too much of an in-law, at least I hope so. They are real daughters to me. When I asked little Janet who gave her her brown eyes, she said, "God". How thankful I am for all He has given me.

My love to all of you,

your grandmother,
Lillian Norman Gally



Henry and Tena McCloskey
1917



Henry McCloskey
Joan and Susan Gally
1976

(Transcript of a talk between Helen Gally and her father Henry McCloskey on February 3, 1971, somewhat abbreviated. The entire conversation is on a tape cassette.)

(H) This is February 3, 1971 and we are in the dining room. Daddy is here from Portland for a visit which he says is going to end next Saturday; he will have been here two weeks. He's been busy cleaning and washing windows, cleaning driveways, cutting bamboo, cooking Mulligan and playing cribbage with our neighbor. The first thing I want to know is about your family - where were your father and mother born.

I think they were born in Wisconsin - I know my mother was born in Wisconsin. I think my father was born in Wisconsin but he might have been born in Galena, Illinois. Cuba City, Wisconsin - I think that was where my mother was born.

(H) What about their parents - where did they come from?

They came from Ireland. I don't know when they came.

(H) Tell me about your family - I get them mixed up. Who was the oldest?

Billy, then Charlie and Tom (they were twins), then Ben, Mary, Leo, me, Silvie.

(H) Which ones are alive now?

Leo and Charlie. Charles in Fairview, Montana and Leo in Eagle Bend, Minn. Tom and Silvie never married. Leo had only one girl - she lives in Minneapolis. Charlie had one boy - he lives in Fairview, Montana.

(H) Were you born at Belleplaine?

No I think it would be Jefferland (sp?) or Henderson. Jefferland Township I think it was - between Henderson and Blakeley.

(H) How far is that from Belleplaine?

About 7 or 8 miles.

(H) Did you live in the same place all the time?

No, Dad was renting. The first place I remember when I was four years old was when we moved east of Belleplaine on Father Kennedy's place. I was ten years old when we moved away from there and moved over to Henry Shaughnesy's place. I was 15 years old when we moved from Shaughnesy's over to McCarthy's place and I was 21 years old when I went out to work for Billy in North Dakota.

(H) That must have been quite a trip.

Well I'd been out to Dakota several times before that on the train. I worked for him in 1914 and worked for Charlie and Fred Josephson in 1915 and I used to go always with the threshing crew in the fall.

(H) What are some of your earliest memories?

The thing I remember best was when I tried to crawl under the house and pet a skunk. I was four years old at the time.

(H) Did you go to a one room country school?

Yeah - I never got out of it. There were some big boys going to the school that raised Cain and there was this teacher named Mag Bolan. She was about six feet high and weighed about 180 pounds, all muscle. When the kids started acting up and wouldn't listen to her she grabbed them by the seat of the pants and the back of the neck and threw them out the window. I don't know whether she opened the window or not. By the time they made one or two trips out there they was pretty blame good kids.

(H) How many kids did you have in a school like that?

I remember one school we was going to and there was seven McCloskeys and only seven others. The others were German and we were Irish.

(H) Was that what there was mostly around Belleplaine?

German and Irish, Swedes and Norwegians. There was one settlement about 12 miles south and east of Belleplaine where there was a bunch of Polacks and Bohemians in a town by the name of Heidleberg.

(H) Did you get into town very often?

We'd take the wagon and drive in on Saturday night. The horses would just follow the road. There really were no roads - mostly ruts someplaces. They were axle deep when there was a lot of rain.

(H) How far did you have to walk to school?

The farthest we ever had to walk was at Father Kennedy's place. That's very likely a mile and a half. Father Kennedy was the priest there at Belleplaine.

(H) Did you ever play baseball or anything like that?

The old folks and the kids used to go together - it seems like most of the people had great big houses and the old folks they'd go there and play cards and the young folks would go and dance. They'd get a half-barrel of beer and take cakes or a sandwich and go from one house to the other. About every

week there was some different place to go to. They all had nice big barns so they'd put the horses in the barn when they got there.

(H) You said you'd gone out to North Dakota before you were 21?

The first year I was in North Dakota was in 1911. I threshed up at Calvin, N.D. The next year I come out and worked at Church's Ferry for old George Ingebritsen. I threshed 36 days for him on two places - he must have made a mint out of that. That fellow must have had a hundred horses on the place. They used to have five grain teams with about four horses on each team and he had a tank team and a straw team to haul water to the tractor and straw to the engine. And then he was running about 4 or 5 triple gangs with eight horses on each of them in the fall when we were threshing.

(H) What do you mean a triple gang?

Three plows - took eight horses to pull them. When it was wet and we couldn't thresh we used to hook the old tractor on to the twelve bottom plow and plow with it.

(H) Where did you stay?

We slept in the barn there. When I was down around Wing threshing we used to have a tent to sleep in. Sometimes if it was a real nice night we'd spread a bunch of bundles under a wagon and sleep out there. Everybody had their own bedroll.

(H) How did you get your clothes washed?

I don't remember. I remember one time I was working on a bridge gang there one winter. I got them real awful good wool clothes and I got so lousy I went and put them in too warm water and the blame things got like felt. They'd fit a good sized boy after that.

(H) Did you really have lice?

Lice - sure. That was part of the game. Used to be always lousy there in the fall. It seemed like so many lumber jacks came out there from Minnesota - they was lousy as a dog, every one of them. You should see the blooming lice crawling on their neck when they was sitting down eating their dinner. I think Teeny used to get lice in the cook cars from them sitting around the table.

(H) Did they ever use kerosene?

I don't remember. Blue ointment I think was good for crabs.

When I threshed up at Calvin they used to line us up early in the morning with a lantern back of the separator so the engineer could see to line the flywheel up with the separator. Then they'd thresh just as long as they could see at night, around 9 o'clock. Around Warwick, old Moonlight Newhouse, when it got so dark he couldn't find the shocks anymore, he used to light the straw pile and that would light the whole field for an hour or so.

(H) Was Wing there then?

Yeah, it had just been built the year before - the railroad came through. They had three elevators there, a meat market, and hardware, a grocery store, and a dry goods store, Wing Mercantile.

(H) What did you do then?

I was going to Montana to look for a homestead but I never went.

(H) Did people live in their sod houses?

I only knew about one sod house around Wing. Some Rooshians built it and lived in it until they got another house built.

(H) When did you settle down and start farming?

Well I got married in '17 and '19 I think it was we started farming. We lived in Bismarck for a while and went from there to Miles City, Montana with a paving outfit and then to Round City, Montana with the same outfit. Then in the fall of the year when it got too cold to do any pavement, I worked there in a flour mill that winter. The next spring I come back and worked for Billy running the tractor for him.

I didn't live in Bismarck too long - Bismarck was an awful high priced town to live in - awful poor wages. So many different farmers would come in there that would work for nothing I guess. I worked there one winter and I think we was only getting 2 dollars a day for a ten hour day. It was a regular man-killer putting up that blame ice.

They cut the ice from the Missouri River. I think that old Watker there had 35 teams hauling ice to the ice house. He had an ice house about 300 feet long and 25 or 30 feet wide. They'd put the ice in one end and it would come down on tracks. You'd have to grab it off of them there tracks and drag it to the side. The ice was never even down there in the river - sometimes the ice would be 18 inches deep and other places two and a half feet deep.

(H) When you lived on farms did you get together much?

We'd see each other every two weeks. We had a regular party line telephone where everyone knew everyone elses business.

(H) What was the coldest winter?

The winter that Maxine (i.e.: Ethel) was born, 1936, from the 27th of November in '35 until the first day of March it never got above zero. At Devil's Lake, between the 13th of January and the first of March it averaged 13 below and it got down to 54 below.

(H) You used to ice skate didn't you?

I skated in Minnesota and a little bit in Wing. We skated on lakes and ponds. When I tried to skate at Warwick it seemed so terrible hard on my ankles. Never knew I had ankles when I skated all the time.

I used to ride a bike back and forth to Devil's Lake. I used to ride Leroy's bike. It was a good way to travel but one night I forgot to lock it to the fence and when I came out to go home it was gone.

(Interview ends here - it was to be continued but never was.)

(Transcript of a talk between Helen Gally and her mother Tena McCloskey in Pasadena, July 24, 1969, somewhat abbreviated. Full interview is on a tape cassette.)

(H) What was the date of your birth?

September 3, 1898

(H) Where were you born?

I was born in Dickey County, North Dakota, half a mile north of the state line.

(H) What was your father's first name?

My father's first name was Abraham Josephson - it was Junti when he came from Finland but he had it changed - he was in Michigan when he had it changed.

(H) Did he meet your mother here or there?

Oh he met my mother here. They were quite a ways apart in Finland where they were born. Myfather was born on an island off of Finland and my mother was born more in the central part of Finland.

(H) Where did he meet your mother - in Michigan?

Yes, they both came to Michigan if I remember correctly. It seems to me Mother said something about meeting him at a dance. They lived in Michigan and I think three of my brothers were born in Michigan; then they moved to the southern part of North Dakota where the rest of the family was born.

(H) Name your brothers and sisters in sequence.

Will, Charles, Elmer, and then a girl who lived about a year, then Fred, Ada, Mary, Hilma, Hilda, Dave, and then a girl who died in infancy, Henry, and then myself and then Beth.

(H) How long did you live in Dickey County?

I must have been about six or seven when we left Dickey Co. and came into Burleigh Co. - what makes me think they didn't homestead in Dickey Co. is that they did homestead in Burleigh Co. and I think you can only file a homestead once.

There were big cattle ranches there and those cattle were quite a problem for they would break loose and were very wild. Six or seven miles away some of these cattle broke loose and the women just had an awful time. The men were gone to get their coal - lignite - and the women would be left alone to take care of the place. Several men would go together to get wagon loads of lignite from almost 25 miles away.

(H) Was the farm they homesteaded south of Wing in the territory where all the Finns are?

Yes, but there was no Wing there when we moved there. The closest town for five or six years after we were there was McKensie. It was 25 miles away and they would make the trip in a day. Quite often they would stay night somewhere along the road. Other times they would leave home about three o'clock in the morning and they'd come back late at night.

(H) When your folks first homesteaded, did you have one of these sod houses?

No, we never did - there were not too many sod houses around - our house was not very big.

(H) Are your folks buried in the Finnish Luthern Churchyard?

No, they are buried in a graveyard I remember that our folks had a fence that went around their two graves.

(H) As you got older did they have parties?

Oh yes, they had parties in the church. The Lutheran minister would come about once a month and when he came he worked for a week or more and had services practically every night. We went to church in a house for they didn't have a church building then. We surely attended church very regularly for we didn't have many places to go. It seemed like everybody in the country would turn up there and they always had a social hour afterwards.

We first started to go to school there in a little old shack and then they built a country school about a half mile from our place. We used to have our Sunday school in the school house.

(H) Did they have eight grades in the school?

Yes.

(H) Did you ever use slates or did you use paper?

When I went to school in Dickey Co. we had slates.

(H) Did you ever have a prairie fire?

Oh my yes, but not really close to us. They were terrible, those prairie fires in the fall or in the spring of the year before the grass would get green and after the snow was gone.

(H) What about blizzards?

Oh my yes, we had bad ones. I remember them telling about one blizzard especially a very beautiful day and my father had all the cows out. The cows all of a sudden started to smell the air

and he hurried to get the cows in the barn. I guess they had an awful blizzard after that. They had binder twine they used to go from the house to the barn - they didn't dare to go any other way unless they had something to follow.

There was the very frightening time when Leroy went after milk. It had started storming already before he left the house and he said to Mr. Pearson, "I don't think I'd better go," but Mr. Pearson said if you'll hurry you'll make it. When he got home the snow had worked into his clothes and under his heavy coat because it was so fine but he knew to follow the fences.

(H) How did you meet Daddy?

Aunt Ada filed on an 80 acre homestead close to my father's 160 acre homestead. Then Uncle Bill McCloskey came out and filed on a homestead not really very far from our place. I think him and Ben must have come about the same time. Uncle Bill and Aunt Ada met and after they got married, Daddy came along out there and that's how we met. We used to play cards at Aunt Ada's - I knew Daddy about three years or so before we were married.

(H) What was your mother's name?

My mother's name was Anna Keranan.

(H) I always got the impression that your father was a pretty strict person.

Oh yes, my father was - we kind of knew that he was the boss and we didn't talk back to our father. Mother was very sympathetic and sometimes when I was tired Mother would help me when getting ready for bed.

(H) Who died first?

My father died first - in 1915 and then my mother died in 1920 or 1921. That was the busy time, the threshing time. My brothers had a big threshing outfit so my brother Fred used to stop and see them. Early in the morning about five o'clock he had stopped to see Dad and when he was ready to leave it struck Fred funny for Dad said, "Well, good bye". He wasn't the kind to say that. That was about five in the morning and about six he had this stroke. My mother was there of course and by then we had a telephone and she called for help. He lived on into that afternoon and died about 4:30.

(H) How old was he?

He must have been about seventy-five. Mother was staying over at Aunt Hildas when she had a stroke and died. Mother was about 75 too - neither one of them were really very old people.

(H) Did you and Daddy homestead?

No, we never homesteaded. We lived on our folks old place maybe for a year or so and then we moved into Wing and then into Bismarck. Elizabeth was born when we were living in Wing and also the baby boy that died. Charles was born in Bismarck - of course Joe was born in Bismarck too but we were really living in Wing at the time. Daddy was working for Uncle BillMcCloskey at the time so I went into Bismarck to have Joe there.

(H) I thought that when Elizabeth and Warren died you were out on a farm somewhere.

Yes I was. They died in the spring about three weeks apart. We stayed there that summer and I think it was in the fall we sold and lived in Wing one winter and then I think we went to Bismarck.

(H) Which one died first?

When Warren was born his abdomen was filled with water. The doctor drained it but he didn't live.

Elizabeth had this terribly sore throat and we had the doctor there in town and he gave her a shot of diphtheria vaccine. She started getting better. He had taken cultures to send to the lab in Grand Forks. I don't know why he did such a crazy thing but if that culture would have been active they would have called right away but when it wasn't diphtheria they just sent the report by mail. When he came again to see her she was getting better and he gave her another shot. In just a few hours she developed these little streaks on her arm that showed poisoning and then we took her to Bismarck. She was a very sick child there. After the baby's funeral I was able to go into Bismarck and stay with her. I must have been with her about a week likely and then she got spinal meningitis. Dr.---- would never say that it was the fault of the doctors but Dr. ---- in Wilson said that he wouldn't be afraid to get on the witness stand and say so - but what could it do now.

(H) How old was she?

She was about 18 months so that was about the worst time that I had.

(H) Then you moved into Bismarck?

No we stayed out there on that farm the winter after Elizabeth was born. That was when I had inflammatory rheumatism so badly. I was sick in bed practically all winter long. Daddy took care of me and of the cattle and everything else. He used to milk the cows and Aunt Hilda used to come and take care of me to - she was very good about helping.

I had it so badly that people would have to support every finger.. It hurt so bad when they moved my hands or feet even my toes were supported by a pillow so they wouldn't move. Of course I went down to a little bit of nothing. I was sick with that for

about five months. I didn't have to stay in bed all the time but it was painful, so terribly painful. It seems like it went through just about every joint I had in my body, especially my feet and hands.

(H) Didn't it used to bother you afterwards - it seems to me that when I was a child it used to bother you.

Well of course it bothered me some but it was really so wonderful how well I got over it. The next summer we stayed again there and the following fall we went to Bismarck and Charlie was born there.

(H) How did you like living in Bismarck?

Oh I really loved it in Bismarck - quite different.

(H) When did you live in Montana?

That was soon after we were married. Daddy was working for a construction company. In Montana we lived first in Miles City, then in another town Veronda and Bozeman. Before Joe was born Daddy was wanting to go back to North Dakota. I went to a doctor in Bozeman and asked whether I should wait until the baby is born. He said to go before as it is much easier to travel before the baby comes. In Bismarck, Dr. Brandt delivered Joe and Elizabeth and Charles and you and Leroy. Betty was born in Wing and I think I had a midwife.

(H) When I was born you were living in Wing, weren't you?

We were living in Wing, right in town. I was in the hospital in Bismarck when you were born. That was when my doctor went away to Minneapolis and they left me in bed until the 7th day. because he hadn't left any orders. I said if something should happen to my doctor, I guess I'd be here for life. You were twelve days old when I left the hospital.

(H) Who was the midwife you had for Betty?

It was a woman named Mrs. Weber - she had delivered I don't know how many hundred babies. I went to Dr. Brandt in Bismarck and he said it would be OK but to be careful with yourself afterwards.

And then we moved into the house next to Uncle Ben's and then we bought the house up there on the hill.

(H) I can remember the Christmas in that house up on the hill and we had a big Christmas tree with candles and I thought that was such a big thrill. The same Christmas I got a little piano.

Uncle Will was there and I was banging on my piano and he didn't say one word about how good I was playing and I was trying to get his attention and get a little compliment on my great musical ability.

When we lived next to Ben's I was six years old.

Yes, that was when Margie had polio and Mabel used to say that you were just Margie's right hand man all the time because you were always waiting on Margie. Margie had lots of playthings and nobody else to bother so you loved to go there and Mabel loved to have you.

(H) Then we moved to Warwick and Jean was born the first winter.

Yes. Mrs Sharp was there and helped me. Jean was born in '31, October 28 and Ethel was born in 1936. Dr. Carter took care of both of them. The time Ethel was born he was using quite a bit of some kind of dope. We let him know that morning that I was having pains and he came over to the house and stayed. There was no earthly reason for the doctor to be there all day but he didn't trust himself.

(H) He also used to perform abortions and I used to see girls going in there from the nice houses of Warwick - respected members of the community. It always seemed to me that Mrs. Carter was a grand lady or something - she was so aristocratic looking.

(H) I don't suppose you know very much about Daddy's family.

No - better ask him as he remembers the dates and everything else much better than I do.

There have been lots of joys and lots of times that were not so good either. With all the difficulties and everything I think that we have had a wonderful life. Everything has turned out all right.

When you children were little it was always my prayer - a very earnest prayer - that I would live long enough to see my children growing up and from that time on I'm just living on borrowed time.

Everything has turned out very well considering the big family. We have had some very nice additions to our family that we've been very happy about and then we haven't complained with the grandchildren and all. It's nice to have right now 20 grandchildren - don't suppose we'll have any more grandchildren but maybe we'll have some great-grandchildren.



Mary Matilda Davison (A.)
1870's



Mary M. Gally
1910 (?)



Mary M. Gally
Nov. 1946

Thomas Kilburne Gally
Howard Davison Gally
Benjamin Willey Gally

Memoirs of Mary M. Gally

My children seem to think my life of 85 years must hold many interesting details of changing events, customs, habits of to them, olden days; so for their amusement I will recall as much as possible of my youth as it was spent in two different states, Missouri and California.

The desire to wander over the face of the earth must have been in the family blood, for in the 16th century my ancestors from France and England braved the dangers of ocean travel and landed safely in Virginia and not with empty pockets, but with grants of thousands of acres of land and a barrel of gold dollars, so family tradition states it. They were connections of royalty according to family history and from a photograph in my possession made from paintings still owned by a cousin. They certainly were refined, educated people. Sir Edward Jaquelin has a curly wig on and his wife Martha Cary, a low-necked dress and waved hair, very modern looking. Edward and Martha met in Virginia and were married in Virginia. The Carys came from England several years before Edward Jaquelin.

My father, Wm. Armstrong Davison was born in Virginia, near Winchester, went to medical school in Philadelphia, Penn., practiced medicine in Winchester and also owned a drug store and slept there; had a Negro man to look after his comfort when he wasn't riding horseback over the country to see his patients. I've heard him tell how his Negro man always kept the fire going in the big fireplace day and night as there were no stoves and food was cooked in iron vessels on the fireplace. When servants about town had been careless and let their fire die out, they would come running over to the drug store with shovels to get coals of fire to start theirs and cook breakfast.

He also used to tell us girls, if we expected to get married we must be considerate of the comfort of our beaux; that once he stopped cold and hungry at his sweetheart's home, Miss Hite, after the Negro servants had gone to their quarters at night and her mother made him sit down and told the girls to run down to the icehouse and bring up the food and she wouldn't do it, said William could wait on himself. That cured him, tho his three brothers married her and her sisters and his only sister married her brother.

He soon moved to Wheeling, Virginia, where he met and married Ann Alexander Caldwell, my mother and daughter of Judge Alexander Caldwell. Their first child Elizabeth died when less than two years old in Jefferson City, Mo., where he had followed a doctor brother, Dr. Alexander Davison.

I must state here that my father and three brothers and one sister Lou Davison Hite were left motherless when very young, the youngest only two years old. His mother's sister was soon to be married and his mother went over to assist in preparations and when she returned on horseback it began to rain and she raised an umbrella which frightened her horse and she was thrown and killed. So her mother, Mrs. Gen'l. John Smith (Animus Bull Smith) took all four boys to her home, Hackwood, to bring up. She was a very wise and strong character evidently, for my father used to say she managed everything and everybody on the plantation, even her husband.

She was also a politician, for she used to visit around the country in her carriage and talk men into voting to send the Gen'l. back to Congress year after year; said she could manage things better without him. She made lawyers of the two oldest grandsons and doctors of the two youngest, tho only one lawyer and one doctor was a success or tried to be and the other two died on Missouri farms.

Hackwood was sold many years ago, but I went through the big stone house with my son Howard in 1910 on our way to Poughkeepsie, N.Y. to be with Kilburne during his summer vacation as he was at Cornell University where he graduated. Then we three Californians went to one of the lakes near Chicago where my oldest sister Lou Powell was spending the summer with her son-in-law Judge Hadley of Illinois and his family. We enjoyed two weeks of fishing, sailing and long walks. Inland lakes held new attractions for us for we were familiar only with mountain streams and the Pacific ocean. Then westward as far as Saline County, Mo., - that is, only Kilburne and I for Howard had gotten homesick and insisted upon returning home to California. Soon Kilburne returned east to school and I to my home in Ojai Valley, Calif.

I enjoyed visiting in Saline County for my father retired from medical practice in Jefferson City in 1857 when I was three years old and I spent the next ten years in that new undeveloped county on a farm in a log house, back of which was a forest of wild game and from the front of the house stretched acres of prairie land unfenced to Kansas City about 60 miles west. On this open land my father and all his neighbors let their cattle and sheep roam; strange to say they never mixed with each other but kept to their own grazing ground.

All land owners had many Negro servants living in log cabins on their masters' property. Our nearest neighbor had several thousand acres of land and at least one hundred Negro slaves. My father owned only about 600 acres and 10 or 12 slaves.

I remember one Sunday morning my father was going out to salt his cattle and count them so he called to me and asked if I would like to go along. Of course I was delighted for it meant a long horseback ride, so I hurried and there stood a darky boy holding my pony with a side saddle on him. I was shocked and refused to mount for I had always ridden astride. Then my father

appeared and said, "Child, you are too old ever to ride straddled again, get on or go into the house." So the boy led the horse to the tall stump which all ladies stood upon to sit down comfortably upon their side saddles and I was soon seated but I didn't enjoy the trip as much as usual for my side hurt from being twisted and fear of falling off when galloping after a runaway steer, but for all I felt rather flattered over being considered grown up at the age of ten. I never rode astride again unless it was on bareback in some way off field where no member of my family was in sight and my Negro nurse Lucy never told.

Our rich neighbor Mr. Thompson with the large farm and many Negroes built a small schoolhouse where one of his daughters, Miss Sue, taught. My youngest brother Eddie and I walked the half-mile to school for ten months each year, walked through a field where there was a large pond of water and sometimes we stopped to fish and forgot all about school until we heard the big dinner bell calling all hands home for noon dinner. Once I fell in the water and Eddie spread my clothes out in the sun to dry while I hid in the tall grass.

It was in the days when ladies wore large hoop skirts and one day Miss Sue had callers, two gents and two ladies. They drove up to the door of the schoolhouse in a carriage drawn by two very beautiful horses and Miss Sue stood in the doorway chatting with them. We children got restless and began to stand behind her and peek at the visitors. The ladies were making faces and pointing down and Miss Sue realized we were behind her pushing her hoops way up in front and wasn't she mad at us!

There wasn't anything taught in school in those days but the three R's and at recess the only game I remember was throwing a ball over the school house and another group caught it and returned it. The balls were made at home. We begged, borrowed or stole yarn, horse hair or grass and made a hard ball and covered it with pieces of stocking, cloth or piece of skin a darky had cured. We also played "tag."

I often went hunting with my two brothers, two and five years older than I. It was my job to walk around a tree and attract a squirrel's attention and when it got way out on a limb one of the boys that had the best view shot it. Sometimes it was a gray squirrel and now and then a larger squirrel with brownish fur called a fox squirrel.

We also hunted turkeys but that usually was a man's job. One year I remember we had lots of snow and my brothers built a rail pen, then dug a deep ditch outside of it and then sprinkled corn in it and some in the pen. As the ground was covered with snow the turkeys were very hungry so they fed their way into the pen and couldn't get out for a turkey always looks up and not down. One morning we found the whole flock in there, all grown and gobblers very large. While I ran back to the house after the men, my brothers fastened them in. Men brot a wagon and after catching and cutting off their heads, took them home and we and our Negroes had roast turkey for days. We also gave some to neighbors for it was an unusual catch.

Men went deer hunting for there were plenty. We also had many quail and shot and trapped them. It was quite the fashion for people to get up parties of young ladies and their beaux and go on horseback, discover a flock of quail in a field or pasture and drive them slowly into a net the men had fixed wide open on the ground. This net was made of about ten hoops covered with a hand-made net of strings, often twisted by home Negroes. The first round hoop was nearly as tall as a man and the last, four inches tall so when the birds got inside everyone rushed up to the big hoop and the quail to the small one. When they got a whole flock, they usually turned a few out so they could have some fun next year. Now and then, but not so often, pheasants and prairie chickens were shot but they were very wild and not so plentiful. Gray foxes often carried off our chickens and there was a big reddish animal something like a fox that the Negroes hated. I expect he was the daddy of our coyotes.

There was always plenty of excitement in the fall of the year - apples to gather - the making of apple butter in large 20 gallon iron pots out in the yard by the Negroes. It was constantly stirred by a paddle with a long handle by a big darky and the little fellows had to gather logs and sticks for the fire. Then the master came and had it put into stone jars for the winter use. We little white children danced about with the black children and the last in the kettle was given to us for it was cooked down so it was quite sugary. We had our cups ready for it and often ate too much and ended by having a sick stomach from whirling and jumping around for hours. Apples were made into cider also and then big piles of them were put on the ground, covered over with lots of hay, then soil, and that was the winter supply of apples for the family.

Every home had a big cellar under it where food was kept from freezing in winter or melting in summer. Milk, butter, potatoes, jelly and preserves, etc., were always brot up from the cellar. In winter after a very cold spell and the ice on the pond was frozen several feet thick, the Negroes sawed it in blocks and piled them on a big sled and had horses pull it to the Ice House which was a frame shed over a big deep pit dug into the ground 15 or 20 feet deep. It had a lot of straw in it and the blocks of ice were dumped in and then covered with a thick layer of more straw. When hot weather came we had ice cream every day if we were willing to turn the freezer after getting the ice and chopping it up.

We seldom drank any water but rain water from the cistern which was a big round hole in the ground at the corner of the house and the rain on its roof was led into it by wooden troughs. There were several wells dug down to water level on our property and the water was pulled up by bucket for the animals and washing clothes. I used to walk to the well with my nurse Lucy and she would bring back three wooden buckets of water, one in each hand and one on her head and she would sing out loud all the half mile.

I would walk by her side with my one little tin bucket of water and most of it was splashed out when I reached home.

The fall of the year was also hog killing time. A lot of them had been fattened and then killed by having their throats cut, two Negro men dumped them in a big iron kettle of boiling water, pulled them out, laid them on a table and with sharp knives scraped all the hair off, cut them up and carried the hams and bacon to the smoke house and hung them up to be cured by smoke. This was the children's job to keep sticks burning and partly covered so they would not make a flame, only smoke.

Women looked after the spare ribs and made sausage of odd flesh, also pickled the feet. The smoke was kept up several months for it took a long time for the big hams to be cured satisfactorily. We had meat the year round three times a day, for the whole family and slaves who thought the master stingy if there wasn't two kinds of meat on the table each meal, especially the noon meal, when soup was always served in winter.

We little children were not allowed at the evening meal for our supper was bread and milk and now and then a drumstick, chicken leg, if we had been unusually obedient or Lucy had managed to steal one for me and slip around thru the front door and hand it to me as I crouched on the "upstairs steps", afraid to be all alone in the second story for all my four brothers' bedrooms were in a house near the main building.

My bed was a "trunnel" bed. During the day it slid under my sister Emma's big bed and pulled out at the foot for me at night. I remember I went to bed once frightened about something and lay in bed with only my head sticking out from under the big bed and I must have tried to turn over in my sleep and couldn't and I was sure something had me and screamed and yelled at the top of my voice. Everyone came running and didn't I get a scolding!

My father was too tender hearted to whip his children or slaves but found ways of depriving them of something they wanted, much to my mother's disgust. Once she insisted that he spank both Eddie and me so he took us off into another room, gave us each a switch to carry and we were a little scared but as he never had switched us, we were interested in how he was going about it, for his preparations were more elaborate than Mother's. We were told to lay face down on a sofa or lounge as it was called and say our prayers. That done we waited peeping at each other, then at father who had thrown the switches on the fire. "Now will you promise to obey mother next time? Get up now and be good children." That was as near as he ever came to striking us, but my mother hadn't his patience for she boxed us on the least excuse, that is what we called being slapped on the face by her hand.

Poor mother! She didn't like country life and hated the Negroes for she was raised in cities, sent to Wilmington, Del., to school for her mother was raised in that part of the country and she spend several winters in Washington, D.C. Her father was Judge Alexander Caldwell of Wheeling, Va., and entertained many prominent people. So life in the far west, Jefferson City, Mo., just a

small town in the forties where her doctor husband took her and her year old daughter Bettie, then later moved out into the country, bought more Negroes and farmed the new land after all trees were cut down and stumps removed. But he loved it and his three last children were born there. He called it Hackwood after the old Va. home where his grandma had raised him and his three brothers.

When I was three years old, he sold the farm and bought one in Saline Co., Mo., where we lived for ten years. "After the war" we went back to the Cole Co. farm near Jefferson City for the company which bought it went bankrupt during the Civil War and could not finish paying for it. I was about 13 years old. The Negroes had been freed, so they were left in Saline Co. and that farm was divided between my two brothers Smith and Edward. Smith who married a niece of my Uncle Sandy's second wife Mollie Cannon and Eddie married Fannie Land, daughter of a merchant in Cambridge, 5 miles east on the Missouri river.

While my father and uncle lived in Saline Co. we seldom went to church as it was a Baptist community and we were Episcopalians but now and then a minister of that faith who lived near Kansas City would drive the forty miles on a Saturday, stay with us and on Sunday preach in my uncle's little school house, then return home Monday morning. Several times my parents drove up to visit the minister Mr. Bulkley and family and took me with them. I well remember those drives across the green prairie, thickly sprinkled in summer with a great variety of small blossoms and we went once in a sleigh when the whole 50 miles was one solid blanket of snow. I always had a good nap for it was a day's journey.

My parents sometimes stayed with two families up there, neighboring farmers, of the Bulkley's big farm. Their names were Fackler and Creel and I often carried George Creel in my arms when his mother Virgie Fachler was visiting the cousins for she was a friend of my older sisters. Her name was Virginia Fachler Creel. She died in 1937 in San Francisco where she lived with George and a doctor son and came to see me once when I was visiting my niece, Laura Davis Murphy. She was a very pretty girl and I was sorry we were not at home when they called but we exchanged several letters.

When my father and uncle returned to Jefferson City, I think in 1867, we lived on the farm two miles up the river and my uncle Sandy bought a large brick house in town and was president of a bank and later made mayor. They turned up their nose over the idea of their children going to the new fangled public school so my uncle bought a four story brick house which had been a Seminary, but was then closed. As Mr. Bulkley had a large family of children, he was persuaded to leave his Saline Co. farm and move south and take charge of the Episcopal church and Female Seminary. I lived with them and went to school for four years and spent the summers in the country.

My older sisters had been sent to boarding schools in different parts of the state. Once Lou and Emma went to a convent near St. Louis, but when they wanted to join it and become nuns they were sent somewhere else. Anna loved music and painting so she was sent somewhere but she was a wild outdoor girl, Tom boy was the name she was usually called, so I can only remember her as racing horses about the country with any boy, black or white, she could find. She loved to ride astride but kept out of sight of our father for it was thought disgraceful in those days and a modest girl must wear a long riding skirt that flapped the horses' legs and I now wonder it didn't throw the horse down. I used to feel very grand when it streamed out behind me when I galloped fast.

Three Saline Co, girls, Lily Creel, Mame Fachler and Rebecca Bulkley were educated at this Seminary in Jeff. City, so we grew up together and we visited each other often and kept in touch always through our girlhood and married life of Lily and Mame. Beck never married and is now in 1939 the only one alive and we still exchange letters. Lily married a second cousin of my husband's and I visited her in her beautiful home on Wheeling Island when I made my first visit to Wheeling to my Mother's sisters, Mrs. Moses Good and Mrs. Sobieski Brady in the seventies, I've forgotten, but I think it was '77. It was the first long trip I had ever taken and it was after my father's death in the spring.

My cousin Charles Brady was a traveling salesman for his brother-in-law's glass factory and he stopped to visit us at Hackwood in the country two miles from Jefferson City. He persuaded my mother to let him take me back to Wheeling with him. It was a great trip and a visit of six months in a city for a country girl. My mother's relatives and friends entertained me and I soon had many friends.

Charles' brother Willie Brady was named for my father and he was very near my age so his friends soon became mine and did all they could to give me a good time. He was engaged to Dr. Hildreth's daughter Sallie so I met a cousin of hers, Ben Willey Gally and as he was very fond of horseback riding, he was delighted to find that I loved riding also. So on Saturdays and bank holidays he never failed to come leading one of his horses with a side saddle on it and we went to the country for a long ride. Often he would get up a picnic and bring a carriage or buggy and we would drive ten miles out the Pike and stop for supper where chicken or turkey were always served at a wayside old home that had fed lovers for many years. My mother had often eaten there and the daughter of the original landlady sometimes fed people. My cousins took me there once and the old lady was still alive and came in to see me and talk of my mother, told me of how beautiful she was and that her beaux were always bringing her there to supper. She never rode horseback, but went in a carriage.

She was very tall, several inches taller than any of her four daughters and very dignified. She simply couldn't adapt herself to country life when my father took her to the Jefferson farm and then to the Saline Co. farm and I don't wonder now that she was not happy for she couldn't understand a pioneer's life in an

undeveloped country.

I fortunately was like my father and nature was a most interesting book for me to learn to read. I was always popular with country boys and several became lovers; two have come to Calif. to see me and talk of old times.

I met my most ardent and persistent lover at a Methodist camp meeting in the woods, when some cousins and I were out on my last camping trip in Mo. We reached the spot on Saturday afternoon, set up our tents, staked the horses out and went to bed, tired out after our long drive. Sunday morning we left our tent on the hill and walked down where the preacher and congregation were seated on long, rough boards and took part in the services, surprised to see so many. That afternoon a young man came to our tent and invited my cousin John Davison to bring us the next morning on a picnic and he would take us through a cave which was only about a few miles in the woods.

I had noticed the man at church for he seemed to be leading the singing and when we reached the cave he took possession of me and left the others to find their way about in the dark passages and the rascal took me way in where there was a creek of running water and he had to carry me over it, took off his own boots and waded.

When we got out the others were eating the lunch. We got to the tent about dusk and soon turned in for all were tired. Sometime in the night we were wakened up by singing and that fellow had got several other boys to come with him and serenaded us and didn't he sing a love song to me, even calling my name. He was over six feet tall and quite good looking. We had a Negro cook and that young man gave the cook the game he killed so of course we had to ask him to dinner.

By the time our week was up I had refused to marry him a half dozen times. I told him I was engaged and was coming to Calif. to live and he said so he was engaged, but that could be broken and he was coming to see me in Jefferson City. I had several letters from him but didn't answer them.

Years afterwards I heard he had married the girl he was camping with and her brother was made governor of Mo. later. When I went back there when Howard and Kib were little and my brother-in-law, Howard Davis took us to the train in Jefferson City to meet Mr. Gally in Kansas City, for he was coming from Wheeling, the Governor was at the depot and he came and spoke to me and picked Kib up and carried him on the train. He said, "You are a brave woman to make this trip alone, you know I suppose I'm you old lover's brother-in-law" and laughed as he told me goodbye. The old lover's name was Robert Harrington and I think the Gov's name was Holliday.

Another Missouri lover was of life-long interest. His parents called on mine after we moved to Saline Co. when I was three years

old and brought him along. He was two years older and we sat on stools looking at each other, then I got up and climbed into my father's lap and said, "Pa, please buy that little boy for me." Neither he nor my family ever let me forget that request. He had a sister Lucy and we are still friends. I had a letter from her less than a month ago. His name was Washington Brown and his father was an officer in the Confederate army and was killed, so Washington always helped his mother manage the farm and servants.

He always had fine horses and many rides we had together. He said he would never marry the last time I saw him when I told him my wedding day was set unless I would pick out a girl. So I named one at least ten years younger than he was and his sister Lucy wrote me she was very much in love with him, then they were married soon. His death showed what a stubborn headed fellow he was. He had taken cattle to Chicago to sell and coming home his train wouldn't stop at the small station in Mo. where he wanted to get off. so he jumped off and was killed. He left his widow, but no children.

I must tell of another crazy thing that happened during this last visit of mine to Saline Co. to say goodbye to my childhood friends just before I was married and came to Calif. in the Spring of 1885. I was staying with the Brown family and we had a picnic out on the prairie and when we started back I was put into a buggy and a young fellow named Jack Bowman jumped in and drove off. I was surprised as I hadn't gone with him and didn't like him very well but I knew the others were up to something and would bide my time. After a few miles Zack wanted me to kiss him; of course I refused. He begged and pleaded and at last said if I would only promise to kiss him, he would get out of the buggy and kneel in the dust. I told him I would jump out and walk home if he asked me again and when we reached the house I jumped out and ran in. They came near beating Zack but he begged them to ask me if he had done any wrong. I told them what happened, then they said Zack had bragged he could get me to kiss him and they bet he couldn't. Girls are different now.

I had four brothers, Alex, Smith, William and Edward. My two oldest brothers joined the Confederate army in the Civil War between the North and the South and when the South gave up they were in the army in Texas and had to walk all the way home to Saline Co., Mo. I well remember when they reached home one afternoon, tired and dirty with ragged clothes and shoes almost worn out. They were given food and a bath and taken into the parlor to tell the family some of their years' experiences. I sat in Smith's lap (Mit, we called him) for I was not yet ten years old. After a time I whispered to him asking if he hadn't brought me something and he put his hand in his pocket and got a silver ten cent piece and said that was his lucky penny and he often went hungry rather than spend it, for it was dated the year I was born, 1854. I still have it in my purse.

My father gave him the home place in Saline Co. and took the family back to the Jefferson City farm. My oldest brother Alex

had left the medical school to join the army, so he went to St. Louis to finish and became an M.D. He then came to Jefferson City to practice and soon married my music teacher, a widow from South Carolina with a small daughter whose name is Julia Eppes and she now lives in Atlanta, Ga. I had a letter from her a month ago. All my brothers' family are dead except her and a son's daughter (1939).

Changing conditions is a law of nature and it's the duty of human beings to accept and make the best of these changes, but I sometimes wonder if the increased cares which come with the inventions and better methods of living give the pure joys of the days when all men were dependent upon his neighbor. Now when we want light we press a button and our house is flooded from top to bottom. In my youth we called in the neighbors and they came bringing their tin tubes, soft twisted cotton string and grease not good enough for food and melted it in a large iron kettle over a wood fire in the yard and the white ladies stood around chatting and visiting with each other while the Negro women poured the grease into the tin tubes, hung them up to harden, laughing and talking to each other, for no one looked upon it as work, but an occasion of helpful friendship and they made a party or picnic of it and how we little chaps hopped and danced around, eating popcorn, apples, and drinking cider.

New Year, January 1st was also a very interesting day for young people for it was exclusively theirs for old and very young kept out of the way. When a girl was sixteen years old she came into society that day by receiving the beaux who came to pay their respects to her older sisters and herself. The custom lagged after the war and soon was no longer observed, but how well I remember the days before the war in Saline Co. before my older sisters were married. They and the servants were busy making and saving up Christmas goodies for New Years Day to treat the young gentlemen that called to pay their respects and drink mint julip which was served even in the humblest home. It was some nice brandy with crushed mint and ice in it and the young gents thought they were grown up when they drank that instead of Egg Nogg which was also always served with the cake and candied watermelon rind. I think the men must have been pretty drunk by night for they had called on as many ladies as possible in the neighborhood riding horseback or buggies and Saline Co. is a large county.

The Civil war in 1861 changed our way of living completely by setting the Negro servants free. Our old mammy Minerva, Aunt Nur we children called her and her husband Isaac wouldn't leave us at first. She was our cook and he was our coachman and a very lazy fellow, but he did have pride in his horses and clean carriage. As all other niggers in the county left home Isaac wanted to go too, so they moved into a log cabin on our property and set up housekeeping for themselves. They had no children and they missed us and knew we missed cookies, etc., so we were often together for a year, then my father gave his farm to my brother Smith, Eddie, and Sister Lou Powell. Then he moved the family that were still living at home back to the farm two miles north

of Jefferson City, Mo. It was right along the Mo. river for over a mile and I was born there 15 years before. My father hired white and black "help" for housework and field, but both were hard to get for the whites were ^{not} accustomed to working and Negroes didn't consider themselves free if they worked.

When we left Saline Co. Isaac and his wife moved to town and as our old washerwoman Fanny had died and left several children, they took them in their home and did their best to make them earn a living, but poor Aunt Nur did most of the work and they ran wild. When my sister Emma was married, Aunt Nur came down the river on the steamer to see us and help with the wedding supper. We were glad to see her, even my mother who never became used to instructing Negroes for she had been raised in an eastern city and had white servants with the exception of her father's Negro coachman and gardener. When old aunty told my father that she walked miles every day to wash clothes for white people, he gave her a horse named Selam to take back with her on the boat. So she who had never ridden horseback in her life learned in her old age and washed clothes to support old Isaac and she told us how if he worked he spent all he earned on whiskey. Our friends used to write us how hard she worked and would ride ten miles to wash for them.

My old nurse Lucy who was 12 years older than I was never lost sight of me during the day but after putting me to bed at night left for her mother's "Old Fanny's" cabin. When I was eighteen I went up to Saline Co. to visit my brother Smith and family. Lucy heard I was there and walked many miles to see me. We were delighted to see each other again and she was pleased that I recognized her, but she would not sit in a chair, only at my feet on the floor, said she wasn't "fitten" to sit any other place in my presence. She had quite a sense of humor and told me jokes of other Negroes. We had also owned her sister "Marthy" and she told me that Marthy always "got religion" when the darkies had their revivals quite often in summer. Once she got even with Marthy for her hypocrisy and she pretended she "got religion" at one of their meetings. It seems they all got so excited after the sermon and singing that the whole congregation got up and walked about hugging each other and carrying on so this time Lucy hugged Martha and pulled her hair and her clothes nearly off while she yelled "bless the Lord, etc." so when she had nearly stripped Marthy they were separated.

But Lucy said, "I got even with old hypocrit Martha that time. She stole and I never have, but I make money sometimes by being bad."

January 20, 1939
Ojai, California

Ojai Valley
October 5, 1948

When I lived here alone, years ago and wakened up early in the morning, I used to write something of my life for I had an idea that as I got old I would be forgetful, but now I am almost 94, will be that Nov. 19 this year. Mrs Meade's niece has been with me almost ten years and looks after my comfort every day, for pay, of course.

My son Kilburne of Pasadena and Los Angeles has sold my property to an old lady, Miss Rogers, who lives here on the land I used to own, but allowed me to live in one of my cottages. I've only four cottages now and used to have ten, for when my husband came from Va. to Calif. for his health we were engaged and he bought about a hundred acres of land. It is all sold now, but I'm allowed to live on in my house by the owner, Miss Rogers.

I keep healthy and have a good appetite.

(Note: Mary Matilda Gally lived until February 11, 1953, when she passed away at the age of 98.)



Mr. and Mrs. Emmett B. Norman
Fall 1942



Emmett B. Norman
About 1885



Emmett B. Norman
May 1936

REMINISCENCES
by
Emmett B. Norman

While the object of this article is primarily to show the difference between marketing citrus fruits in the early days and now, there are a few personal experiences so interwoven that it may not seem amiss to mention them.

As Duarte was one of the early orange growing districts of Southern California, the Ellis orchard of forty acres having been set out in 1871, and the Eugene Myers orchard, eight or ten acres, a few years earlier, the methods described and the dealings with the early buyers will be from the Duarte standpoint, but will be applicable to other orange growing districts.

I arrived in Los Angeles early on the morning of February 23, 1883, my father and the rest of the family having come a few months earlier. At the breakfast table that morning my father remarked that he was going out into the country that day. Accordingly he and Dr. Maxwell came out to Duarte in a spring wagon with two real estate agents; and on my father's return the next afternoon he said he had bought an orange ranch, which was the one where I am now living. Dr. Maxwell bought the old Beardslee homestead, and adobe house near by, where the daughter-in-law and some of the grandchildren still live.

While we were waiting in Los Angeles for a house to be built, we lived in a house on the west side of Fort Street, now Broadway, between Third and Fourth. This was then a residence district. As this was before the days of government civil service, a friend of mine got me the position of retail stamp clerk in the post office. I sold all retail stamps at one window, and this was the only post office in Los Angeles. There were no sub-stations, no city carriers; all mail was delivered at the general delivery windows or in boxes.

The eleven and a half acre place my father bought had about an acre of budded seedling orange trees, set out in 1876; hence they were seven years old. The rest of the land was set out to a miscellaneous variety of fruit trees. He sold what oranges were then on the trees to Woodhead and Gay of Los Angeles for seventy-five dollars.

My father's first shipment was a small lot to Eveleth and Nash, commission merchants of San Francisco, in 1884. His dealings with commission merchants that year were not very satisfactory, and in the summer of the same year he went East and made arrangements with my brother to sell oranges. In 1885 and 1886 he not only shipped his own oranges but bought

and shipped several carloads. I think he was the first local resident to buy and ship East. Most of the early buying was done by the buyer estimating the amount of fruit on the trees and paying a lump sum for it. There were no packing houses and the fruit was packed on the place where it was grown.

We made a box to be used as a bin about four feet wide, one foot deep, and about six feet long out of rough lumber, and a press to be used in nailing covers. This would be moved from place to place, together with other equipment, such as nails and shooks. We would pick a part of each grower's crop at a time, and would go to three or four orchards to get a car load.

It was necessary to drive to San Gabriel the day before the shipment was made to order a car. When a carload was packed (three hundred boxes minimum), we would get three teams at three dollars a day. Each team would make two trips in a day to San Gabriel, and the car would be loaded in time for the night freight east.

About the first of March, 1886, there was a switchman's strike in Kansas City. The A.T.&S.F. could not deliver a car of our oranges to the warehouse, so they sold them, hired men to carry them out on their shoulders, and paid my father for the oranges. We shipped another car immediately, and I bought a ticket at San Gabriel to Kansas City for five dollars, went back there and got a warehouse to which the railroad could get the car, shipped the oranges out in job lots by express, filling my brother's orders. I should have stated that we shipped mixed cars of seedlings, Mediterranean sweets, and Washington navels.

In Kansas City I stayed at the home of my uncle, who was a doctor. I had taken him some Washington navels, and when, in looking at them, he discovered that certain resemblance to the part of the human body that gave them their name, he was very much amused, and almost shocked.

Having cast my first vote in 1886, I decided I was old enough to get married, and in May 1887, I married Viola Shrode. Her father asked her which would get a boarder, he or my father. He had crossed the plains in 1870 with a wife and eight children, and had been heard to say that he thought when children got married they should "swarm"; so we swarmed and lived in a three room house on Mountain Avenue, just south of the Santa Fe Railroad. The man who built the house built a barn large enough to drive into and unhitch when he came home in the rain. This barn was my packing house, where in 1888 I packed oranges by contract for the W. H. Wood & Company of Sacramento, putting up about ten carloads for this firm. I also packed some oranges for this firm near Covina. These were hauled to the Southern Pacific at Puente. My contract

price was forty-five cents a box from tree to loaded car. I furnished everything; but at that time I had no interest to pay on borrowed money, no manager's salary, no bookkeeper's salary, no packing house foreman, no field man, no gas for sweating, no electricity for motors, no night watchman, no State Compensation Insurance Fund, no Social Security, no telephone, no director's fee, no gasoline for automobiles (only horse feed), no printed labels, no money invested in picking boxes, no fire insurance, no printed wrappers, no gloves for pickers or packers.

When I wanted to phone to the firm's agent in Los Angeles, I went to the crossroads where Covina now is. At that place there was one store and a vacant room with a telephone in it. It took about an hour to get my message through. As there was no one there, I could not pay for the phone message.

Referring back to the last paragraph on the first page, where the statement is made that my father made arrangements with my brother to sell his oranges, I did not make it plain how the oranges were sold. My father shipped the first carload of oranges ever received at Nevada, Missouri, my brother's home. My brother would take a satchel of oranges as a sample, and go from city to city, and sell in small lots direct to the retailer.

October, 1938

This is the first section of "EARLY CITRUS INDUSTRY - Picking, Packing, and Marketing" written by Emmett B. Norman, 1900 Mountain Avenue, Duarte, California in October 1938. The original typed manuscript, with pictures, was donated to the Huntington Library at that time. I (SKG) have a copy also.



Thomas Mulligan Gally
1852 (?)

THOMAS M. GALLY, P. G. W. P.
Of Virginia

Probably no man of his age, in Virginia, has attracted more distinguished attention than the subject of this sketch.

THOMAS M. GALLY, was born in the city of Wheeling in the State of Virginia, in the year 1822. His parents emigrated from Ireland in the year 1812, and as noble specimens of the Emerald Isle as ever breathed. They still survive. I think I see them now - God bless them! - sitting around their happy fireside under the tall hill on the East that shuts out the morning glory from the city, and seems to say to the declining sun-light, "thus far shalt thou go, and no farther." I think I see them now - sitting round that comfortable, old-fashioned hearth - the lustre of those large, speaking night-eyes still un-dimmed, and those big hearts, within, yet full of love, charity and christian grace, speaking words of kindness to the stranger, and throwing around the heart of the wanderer those endearing charms which true kindness only can invent and take from separation its keener pangs, and give to absence a positive enjoyment. Yes, there they still live, close by that retired and peaceful spot where Thomas received "the first kiss of love" from a mother, who in the long years that have since intervened, has been to him Mother, Guide, Instructor, and who now can and does sit by his side, and, throwing her arms around his neck and, upon his countenance, concentrating all the light and love of eyes that seem born for love and for command, calls him "my boy" in tones of affection, pride, and exultation, such as it is a mother's privilege to use and to enjoy. To the faithful instructions of this mother and of an elder brother - a young man pre-eminent for learning and piety who had long since "gone to his reward" - he is indebted for the substantial foundation of a superstructure of moral and intellectual excellence, of which a man of better opportunities and more advanced age might well be proud.

He spent a short time, probably two or three years, at Allegheny College in Meadville, Pennsylvania, where he distinguished himself for his proficiency in mastering any subject, to which his ambition prompted him, and for his intrepid daring which made him rather a difficult subject of government. But his impatience of restraint and his anxiety to grapple with the strong arm of reality, hurried him away from college instruction and discipline, long before prudence and a matured judgement would have dictated.

In the year 1840, he became interested in the Temperance movement, and in the next year went to Pittsburg and for a time had the editorial control of a paper devoted to that cause. Being anxious, however, to adopt some profession upon which he could more safely rely for a support, he subsequently went to Cincinnati and read law under the kind and excellent supervision of Mr. Johnston, after-

wards Judge of the Superior Court in that city. During this time, his zeal in behalf of Temperance did not abate, but, to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness, he united with the order of the Sons of Temperance - then in its infancy; and neglected no opportunity to "warn his fellowmen of error's path." Soon he was admitted to the Bar and commenced the practice of law under very encouraging circumstances and with a prospect brighter than which seldom, if ever opened up to the vision of a young and ambitious practitioner. Unfortunately his health failed, and under the conviction that he was a victim of that fatal decline which had made its heaviest contributions from the roll of genius, he shut his eyes to the inviting future and turned his steps towards home, if not to find health, at least to receive those soothing ministrations, which afford so much solace to the heart of its last moments of weakness and dissolution. Two years passed by, and still a doubt hung over his existence.

In the spring of 1847, from the persuasion of friends, he visited the north, and his health materially improved. During that sojourn, he adhered to his temperance faith, and in public speeches delivered in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, and Baltimore, gave ample evidence of his fidelity and ability. In the same year, he became a member of the Grand Division of Virginia, and, at its October Session, was appointed Travelling Deputy G.W.P. Although still in delicate health, he at once entered upon the discharge of the arduous and responsible duties of his new station, and traversed various portions of the State, proclaiming the gospel of temperance to the people and building up Divisions wherever he went. Through his instrumentality, the Order of the Sons of Temperance in Virginia was raised to a degree of respectability and importance in the public estimation, infinitely higher than it had ever before assumed, and more of prejudice and opposition was overcome than the friends of the cause, in so short a time, dared to hope for. At the October Session of 1848, he was elected, I believe unanimously, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of Virginia, and as cordially invited to continue his valuable labors as a State Lecturer. To this he assented, although at a sacrifice of health and money. He travelled extensively over Eastern Virginia, and left everywhere the happy and indelible impress of his intellect and his heart; and now scattered all over the Old Dominion there are numbers untold, whose hearts, at the appearing of brother Gally, would instantly telegraph to his heart those words so grateful to a Son of Temperance, "Welcome, Brother!" At the expiration of his term of office, he announced to the Grand Division that his health and private affairs would allow him no longer to remain in their service as a Lecturer. This was sad and unwelcome news, but each member, with reluctance and grief, assented and submitted to the necessity which dissolved the peculiar and delightful relations so long subsisting between them and him. They would not, however, permit him to depart without some further testimonial of their enduring regard and high appreciation, and they, therefore, unanimously adopted the following resolves, the last of which has been handsomely and appropriately executed:

"1. RESOLVED, That the thanks of this G. D. are one, and they are hereby tendered to P. G. W. P. Gally, for the able distinguished and successful labors which have marked his career during the two years last past, as the Travelling Deputy of this G. D.

"2. RESOLVED, That this G. D. sincerely regrets its inability to confer upon Brother Gally anything like an adequate compensation for those labors, which justice and a spirit of affectionate fraternity alike demand.

"RESOLVED, That as a token of our unchanging affection for our beloved Brother Gally, the G. S. be authorized to procure a goblet engraved with appropriate devices, and present it to the said brother in the name of this G. D."

Well does the writer of this remember the incidents of the closing scene of that Session, when Brother Gally, as he then supposed, took leave of his brethren for ever. The eye still moistens as memory paints that scene afresh.

Since that time - ah, yes! since that time, he has married, of which flood-tide of his existence suffice it say, that it brought close to his bosom a fair one selected by himself and fit for himself. But, since that time, until recently - except when, at long intervals, he would, in spite of ill health and other obstacles, take the position so peculiarly his own, and "cry aloud and spare not" in defence of "the cause of all mankind" - his labors have been confined to the more retired circle of private affairs.

In August last, he was, over many competitors, elected by the qualified voters of his district, in which the city of Wheeling is included, to represent them in the Convention which was convened for the purpose of amending and reforming the Constitution of Virginia. To that duty, he has faithfully, constantly and diligently applied himself, and that, too, is a manner which will yet further enhance his reputation. The great "bone of contention" between eastern and western sections of the State, is the principle to be engrafted in the new constitution upon which the apportionment of representation is to be based. The east contend for what is called the white basis, or that which has regard solely to population. On this question Brother Gally has made a speech of which a correspondent of one of the Virginia papers has taken the following notice:

"On Saturday, Mr. Gally made a very brilliant and creditable speech in favor of the white basis. It is much to be regretted that it had not been delivered earlier in the session. However, that circumstance will not detract from its superiority in the least, but the speech will take a high rank in the debates of the Convention as a very able and eloquent production. His conclusion, in which he alluded to the division of the State as an event to be desired by no true Virginian, was eloquent and touching in the extreme, and the best evidence of its well-timed and effective

pathos is to be derived from the fact that, during its delivery, many members were seen brushing away the tears that were waked up by the happy strokes of the graceful orator."

Let it not be understood, however, that, since he took his seat in this Convention, he has been silent in regard to temperance. On the contrary, he has delivered many speeches with considerable effect, and has bound himself more dearly than ever to the friends of that noble cause.

So much for the labors of Thomas M. Gally. A few more particulars will close this hurried sketch.

He is probably about five feet ten inches high, with a rather delicate frame. He has dark auburn hair; a brow, forehead, and lip, indicative of intellect and resolution; small features, somewhat sallow, but now and then crimsoned with a flush which betokens that the fires of disease have not yet been entirely extinguished. His eyes are dark, piercing, luminous - very magnets of love to one who has his heart, but double-edged poignards, lightning flashes when stirred up to indignation by the sufferings or the vices of mankind. Upon first acquaintance he is somewhat reserved but that heart of his will never remain cold long, after it has found its like; and then, his affability, his versatility, his extraordinary genius shine out like a bright, warm summer's sun, exciting wonder, while it inspires love and gratitude, or like a gentle wind reanimating everything it touches, or like the soft mellow notes of the lute soothing the senses and taking captive the heart. His purse, even when he could ill afford it - and he has always been a poor man - has ever been open to the poor. To the inebriate he has always been a brother, friend; and many of that forsaken, maltreated class he has been instrumental in saving from worse than a drunkard's degradation. His mind is well stored with rich and varied information upon historical, religious and political questions, and it would be difficult to introduce a topic for conversation upon which he has not bestowed some reflection, or about which he does not possess some valuable information. In addition to this, he has a remarkable accurate and retentive memory, which opens before him an immense storehouse, from which he selects so many sterling weapons with which to do battle in whatever cause he is engaged. As a speaker, he is fluent, eloquent, argumentative and attractive in the extreme; infinitely preferring to argue rather than declaim never shrinking from a difficult point, but meeting his adversary anywhere and everywhere he may be, with whatever arms he may choose, and with intrepid boldness giving blow for blow, "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." His discourses occasionally are tinged with metaphysic, but this reasoning is always clear, pointed, logical and concise. At times he indulges in the most brilliant, impassioned and overwhelming strains of eloquence, carrying his delighted or startled audience whither he listeth; and then again, he can indulge in strains as

soft, melting and plaintive as the melancholy breeze that floats around Italian memories, and open wide the fountains of the heart, deluging his audience with their tears; and then by a master stroke of his tongue, by a keen witticism, or a well-told, appropos anecdote, he can make his hearers drown their agony of sorrow in one of uncontrollable, hysterical merriment. In a word, he has entire control of the minds and passions of the crowds that flock to hear him - a dangerous man, indeed in a bad cause, but an invincible champion and an invaluable friend of the right.

Before leaving Cincinnati, he was called upon by the citizens of that city to greet, in their behalf, the venerable John Quincy Adams, then on a visit to the Queen City of the Great West. He made a highly eloquent and appropriate address, at the conclusion of which, as was stated in the prints of the day, giving an account of the proceedings, the distinguished and accomplished ex-President walked up to him, and, placing his trembling hand upon his head, said "Young man, I should like to know your mother!" Those who are aware of Mr. Adams' high appreciation of the value of a mother, and of the importance and paramount influence she exercises over the heart and mind and conduct of the son, will at once admit that the compliment conveyed in that remark was infinitely more delicate and truly flattering, than if it had been couched in set and gilded phrases of commonplace addulation; and Mr. Adams, had he known that mother, would have felt no surprise at the son.

Such is a brief but imperfect sketch of Thomas M. Gally, as he has been and as he is. If he shall continue to refuse to "give up to Party," or to sect, that which "was intended for mankind," he will receive the admiration and applause of the wise and the virtuous of his compeers and of posterity - and be a hero, not of "grim-visaged war," but of sweetly smiling peace, whose rich trophies will be found around the glad domestic circle, and, may be, thence transplanted to another sphere, "to shine as stars in the firmament for ever and ever."

Sketch of

THOMAS M. GALLY, P. G. W. P.

Copied from

The American Temperance Magazine

Written by

Gen. Samuel F. Cary, P. M. W. P.

1852

(Notation made by Mary M. Gally - "To T. M. Gally who never saw it as he died and it was returned.)

At Home Feb. 7th (1855)

Dear Hub.

Your letter of the 24th came to hand on Saturday, much to my relief, as I had not heard from you since the 13th which seemed a long time considering your precarious state of health. I am much pleased and try to be thankful for the improvement you speak of and think you may continue growing better if you will only be careful and watchful, and neither exhaust yourself nor suffer yourself to become impatient. Oh you cannot tell how easy and good it makes me feel to think of you getting well again, for that "glorious star" you speak of had almost gone out. For though I was so happy to have you at Home I had many bitter moments, during which I could scarcely tell whether I was walking on my feet or hands, but I can now look forward to a few more happy years with my dear husband, with the permission of Providence, and would hope that this very severe chastening may not have been sent in vain.

Our babies are well. They have both had the prevailing influenza and Willey had a bad ear ache on Sunday evening and night which I relieved him of, by bathing him and getting him into a perspiration. He often speaks of Uncle Kid and Willey's poor Pappa and tells me to write for you to come home. He came walking up to me this morning looking very large. Does your brother Will run on the river! John Bodely brought him over a little sled. He was highly pleased and began(?) to examine it but on turning it over did not appear pleased and looked very reproachfully at John and asked, Why he did not "put irons on his, like he did on Charlies." He notices everything and sometimes repeats things a month afterwards.

The other day he ran his fingers through his hair and asked Mamma Don't I look like Mr. Battelle. He said prayers out to nan maw Gally's. Sid is well now and full of fun and not much bad with good nursing. Will is with us, I am happy to say - had a good trip and are now frozen up here, the river frozen over and freezing harder every night - heavy snow on the ground - Winter has fairly set in, but we do not feel it in our good warm house and excellent coal. Bodely gave me 20 dollars and I will try and ask for more when I need it.

Everything is enormously high, worse than ever, but my little sheet is nearly filled so I must say good bye. All joining in sending love to you and Kid. Dorrie and Ben want Kid to answer their letters. Now do write a little oftener. Five weeks to day since you left and I have had two notes and one letter -
your wife Mollie

All going as sending love to
you and Ned. Sam & Ben want Ned
to answer their letter. Now do write
a little oftener. Five weeks to day since
you left and I have had two notes
& one letter from your wife. Mother

Mary Jane Gally

To J. M. Gally who never saw if as the died & it
was understood? At Boone N.C. 7th
Dear Wm. (Hub.)

Your letter of the 24th came
to hand some time since. I was so
relief, as I had not heard from
you since the 18th which turned a long
time considering your precarious state
of health. I am much pleased &
try to be thankful for the improve-
ment you speak of - and think you may
continue growing better if you will
only be careful & watchful, & neither
exhaust yourself nor suffer from
become impatient. Oh you cannot tell
how easy and good it makes me feel
to think of you getting well again,
for that glorious day you speak of
had almost gone out. I'm though I
was so happy to have you at home
I had many bitter moments, during
which I could scarcely tell whether I

was walking on my feet as Linda
but I can now look forward to a
few more happy years with my dear
husband, with the permission of Providence,
and could hope that this may
soon be a happy day when I am
sent in rain.

Our babies are well. They have
both had the prevailing influenza,
& Willey had a bad ear ache
on Sunday evening & night which
I relieved him of, by bathing him
& getting him into a perspiration. He
often speaks of Uncle Wm. & Willey's spot
I supposed felt sure to write for you
to come home. He came walking
up to me this morning looking very
large. Does your brother Will. run
on the river? John Bodely brought
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but on turning it over did not appear
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at John and asked, why he did
not "put iron on his, like he did
on Charles". He notices every thing &
hears all that is said, and sometimes
repeats things a month afterwards.

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his hair & asked Emma, Don't I look
like Mr. Battelle. He said, pray not
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but we do not feel it in our good
warm house, & excellent coal. Bodely
gave me 20 dollars & I will try and
ask for more when I need it.

Every thing is enormously high, more
than ever. But my little sheet is
nearly filled so I must say good bye.



William Armstrong Davison
1850's (?)



Ann Alexander Caldwell Davison
1850's (?)

occupied as a residence for many years, was torn down a few months ago. Other edifices erected with Mr. Mullally's brick were the old court-house (1858), and Arcadia Block, on Los Angeles street (1859), into which latter went 1,100,000 bricks, and cost about \$80,000. It would not be easy to give the list of the buildings of more recent years for which Mr. Mullally furnished the brick. He probably made four-fifths of all the bricks that were used here prior to 1864. The highest number he has made in any one year was in 1888, when he made over 9,000,000. Mr. Mullally served nine or ten years as a city councilman, between 1857 and 1883.

HARRIS NEWMARK, dealer in hides and wool at Los Angeles, is a native of Prussia, and was born at Leoban in 1834. His father, Philip Newmark, was a manufacturer of boot blacking. Harris Newmark was reared and educated until he was fourteen years of age in his native city, when he went with his father to Denmark and Sweden, and remained with him in manufacturing boot blacking at Copenhagen and Gottenburg until he was nineteen. At that age he came to America and located at Los Angeles, whence his brother, Joseph P., had preceded him two years, in 1851, and for whom he clerked in the mercantile business eight months. He then engaged in the same business for himself, and afterward became a member of the firm of Newmark, Kremer & Co., at Los Angeles, doing a wholesale and retail business until 1861. He then retired from the firm and engaged in the commission business until 1865 when he founded the wholesale grocery house at Los Angeles, known as H. Newmark & Co., which existed until 1886. Since that time he has been dealing in wool and hides. In 1858 he was married at Los Angeles to Miss Sarah Newmark, by whom he has six living children: two married daughters, a son who is married, H., of the wholesale grocery firm of M. A. New-

mark & Co., of Los Angeles, and two young children. He and his family are members of the 'Brai' Braith Congregation of Hebrews of Los Angeles.

GREGOR McDONALD, manufacturer of the Universal Door Screen, 444 Grand avenue, Los Angeles, is a native of Canada, and was born August 20, 1851. He attended school and served an apprenticeship as carpenter and joiner; followed his trade there until 1881, when he came to California and located in Los Angeles, continuing at his trade. His first job was on the Normal School building. In 1885 he established his present factory for manufacturing the Universal Screen Door, and is one-half owner of the patent. The factory is large and commodious, his premises having a frontage of 122 feet on Sixth street by 120 feet on Grand avenue. He employs six to eight hands, and has built up a large trade. He has turned out 800 screens per month, being for doors and windows, and all kinds of screen work. In 1880 Mr. McDonald married Miss Mary McNaughton, a native of the north of Ireland. They have two children, Mollie and Hannah, and they have lost one daughter, Katie by name.

JACOB F. NORMAN.—Among the well-known residents of the Duarte is the above-named gentleman. Mr. Norman settled at the lower Duarte in 1883, and in the spring of that year purchased from Edward R. Chappelow eleven acres of the old Beardslee tract. This land is located on the east side of Mountain avenue, about a mile and a quarter southwest of the Duarte postoffice, in the Duarte school district. Mr. Norman's land is well improved and under a high state of cultivation, making one of the representative fruit ranches of this section. With the exception of 350 seedling orange trees of the "Wilson's Best" variety, his


land is planted in deciduous fruits, comprising some fifteen varieties of apples, peaches, pears, apricots, nectarines, quinces, prunes, plums, etc. Among his improvements are a neat cottage residence and suitable out-buildings. Mr. Norman is also the owner of an orange grove of an acre and a half, on Duarte avenue, in Duarte, and also of improved real estate in Monrovia. In addition to conducting horticultural pursuits upon his lands, he has, since 1885, been engaged in shipping oranges to the Eastern markets. The subject of this sketch was born in Haywood County, Tennessee, in 1835. His father, Alfred Norman, was a native of North Carolina, who in his youth went to Alabama, and was there reared and married to Anna Byler, of that State. They subsequently settled in Tennessee. In 1840 Mr. Norman's parents moved to Missouri, and located in what was then a part of Cole County, but later became Moniteau County. There the subject of this sketch was reared as a farmer, receiving his education in the common schools. In 1857 he married Miss Eliza Byler, a native of Missouri, and the daughter of Abram and Mary (Bowman) Byler. Mrs. Norman's father was of German descent, and a native of Pennsylvania. Her mother was born in Missouri. In 1861 Mr. Norman located in Henry County, and there engaged in farming and stock-growing until 1869. In that year he took up his residence in Vernon County, where he continued his agricultural pursuits. In 1870 Mr. Norman was elected a justice of the peace in his county, and served as such until 1874, when he was elected clerk of the Circuit Court of Vernon County. He was re-elected in 1878 and served until January, 1883, when he resigned on account of ill health, and in the same month came to California. After a short stay in Los Angeles, he took up his present residence. Mr. Norman soon gained the respect of the community in which he came to reside, and in 1886 was elected justice of the peace, and re-elected in 1888. He is Democratic in politics, and is a popular man, and was one of the only three Democratic justices elected in the county in

1888. Mr. Norman has his office in Monrovia, of which city he is recorder. He is a director and stockholder of the Beardslee Water Company. For many years he has been a member of the Masonic fraternity, and affiliated with Argyle Lodge, of Nevada, Missouri. He is also a member of the Baptist church. From the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Norman there are four children living, viz.: William F., who married Miss Belle Churchill, and is residing in Vernon County, Missouri; Belle H., now Mrs. R. R. Smith, of Duarte; Emmett B., who married Miss Viola Shrode, also a resident of Duarte, and Anna May.



NUELLE & NICOL PLANING MILL, Alameda street. The business of this company was established in 1883, on a small scale, and carried on by Mr. Stovell until March, 1888, when the present company was organized and incorporated and succeeded to the business. Their factory is centrally located, the premises having a frontage of 210 feet on South Alameda street. They manufacture sash, doors, blinds and all kinds of moldings and scroll work. The company has a large established trade and gives employment to seventy-five hands during the busy season. Mr. A. A. Nuelle, the president of the company, is a native of St. Louis, Missouri, and was born May 16, 1850. He received his education in his native city and State. His father, William Nuelle, an old and honored citizen of St. Louis, was a prominent mill and lumberman in that State for many years and, now retired from active business, is living in that city. A. A. Nuelle learned the business of his father, and for fifteen years was successfully engaged in lumber and planing-mill enterprises, in his native State. He came to Los Angeles and organized the Nuelle & Nicol Planing Mill Company, in March, 1888. He has had a large practical experience in all the details of the business, and this company has taken a leading position in the trade. In 1876 Mr. Nuelle was

in the city of his birth, and is now identified with many of the most important enterprises of Los Angeles. He is largely interested in the Ballona & Santa Monica Railway, and at one time held the position of vice-president of that corporation. Mr. Sabichi is also a director of the San José Land Company. The subject of this sketch resides with his family in the city of Los Angeles, in an elegant home, which, at the cost of several thousand dollars, he has built on a site comprising more than two acres in extent, and situated on Figueroa street, between Ellis and Adams streets. In 1865 Mr. Sabichi married Miss Magdalena Wolfskill, a daughter of the late William Wolfskill, one of the earliest and most prominent of the American pioneers who settled in Los Angeles. Mr. Sabichi is a consistent Democrat in politics. He has never sought office, having repeatedly refused to accept it; but offices have sought him frequently. He was elected to the city council of Los Angeles in 1871, and was re-elected in 1873-74, presiding over its deliberations, to the lasting benefit of the municipality. He was also a member of the same body in 1884, when he was foremost in a movement which secured to the city of Los Angeles its bountiful supply of water for irrigation purposes. He is an aggressive, enterprising business man, who in matters public and private has the confidence of the community at large and a wide circle of friends.

AVID S. SHRODE.—Among the best-known and respected citizens of the Duarte is the above-named gentleman, a sketch of whose life is of interest. Mr. Shrode is a native of Warriek County, Indiana, and dates his birth in 1825. His father, Francis Shrode, was a native of Pennsylvania, and was one of the pioneers of Indiana. His mother, *nee* Rebecca Hudson, was born in North Carolina. Mr. Shrode was reared upon a farm, receiving only such an education as was afforded by the pioneer schools, until nineteen years of age. He then

entered a four years' apprenticeship at wagon-making, blacksmithing and manufacturing edge tools. He served his term, after which he worked as a journeyman in Indiana until 1851. In that year he emigrated to Texas, and located in Hopkins County, where he established blacksmith and wagon shops, and also engaged in agricultural pursuits. He continued these pursuits until the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion. A strong Union man in principles, he was subjected to many persecutions, and, finally, in order to preserve his life and property, was compelled to enter the Confederate service. In April, 1862, he entered the Texas Cavalry and served for about fifteen months, or until he was taken prisoner by the Union forces at the battle of Franklin. He was sent north as a prisoner of war, but was soon paroled, and returned to his home in Texas. He was not called upon to enter the service again, and soon resumed his occupations. In May, 1870, he started with his family overland for California. This journey was made by ox teams, arriving in San Diego County in December of that year. He remained in that county until February of the next year, and then established his residence at Savannah, Los Angeles County, resuming his former occupation of blacksmithing. In March, 1874, he purchased twenty-three acres of the Beardslee tract of land at the Duarte, and entered into horticultural pursuits, planting orchard and vineyard and also erecting a dwelling-house and blacksmith shop. Mr. Shrode remained upon that place until June, 1887, when he sold out and established his residence in Duarte, on Buena Vista avenue, between Central and Falling Leaf avenues. He there purchased two acres of land and erected a substantial and attractive cottage residence, also a blacksmith and wagon-repair shop. He conducted his business at that place until 1889, when he sold out his shop to his son, Francis M. Shrode, and William R. Beardslee. Mr. Shrode is now enjoying a modest competency, gained by honest toil and straightforward dealing. During his residence at the Duarte he has been an active supporter of all enterprises that

have built up and improved that section. He was one of the original incorporators of the Beardslee Water Ditch Company, and was president of that company from its incorporation until 1887. He has ever been a strong supporter of schools and churches. At the age of fifteen years he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and has ever lived a consistent Christian life. In 1860 he was licensed to preach, and in 1867 was ordained as a minister of that church, and is now the superintendent of the Sunday-school in his church at Duarte. For over fourteen years he has been a school trustee of his district. Politically he is a Prohibitionist, but has for years been a conservative Democrat. For the seven years preceding the war he was a justice of the peace in Texas, but was removed because he would not take the oath under the Confederate Government. At the close of the war he served in the same capacity under the Provisional Government. In 1847 Mr. Shrode married Miss Elizabeth Chapinan, the daughter of William Chapinan, a native of South Carolina and a pioneer of Indiana. She died in 1858, leaving five children, three of whom are now living, viz.: Jacob H., who married Miss Mary S. Patterson; Francis M. and Charles A., all residents of Duarte. In 1859 Mr. Shrode married Mrs. Maria C. Moore, *nee* Hargrave. From the latter marriage four children are living: Helen, now Mrs. Seth Daniels, of Fullerton; Viola, now Mrs. Emmet Norman, of Duarte; Jennie and D. Lee, residing with their parents.



DE BARTH SHORB, President and general manager of the San Gabriel Wine Company, was born April 4, 1842, in Frederick County, Maryland, a son of Dr. James A. Shorb, who also was a native of that State; and the grandfather of De Barth, also a native of that State, died in Pennsylvania, at the age of 104 years! Mr. Shorb's great-grandfather came from Alsace, France, to this country, and became a large land owner in Maryland, North

Carolina, Delaware and Pennsylvania, settling in the latter State, near Hanover. Mr. Shorb's mother, also a Marylander, was of a Scotch-Irish family, being the daughter of Captain Felix McMeal, whose name appears in the first directory published in Baltimore City. He was one of the very first officers in the merchant marine service, which antedates the American navy; he died during the '60s. Dr. Shorb, our subject's father, was also the owner of a large amount of real estate, a part of which was the well-known San Marino plantation. Mr. Shorb graduated in 1859, at the old classical college of Mount St. Mary's, at Emmettsburg, Maryland, where also Cardinals McClosky and Gibbons and Archbishops Hughes and Bailey, of New York, and Kendrick and Carroll, and others, most of whom are eminent divines in the Catholic Church graduated. After graduation Mr. Shorb commenced the study of law in the office of W. W. Dallas, nephew of George M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States, 1845-'49. Upon the breaking out of the war of the Rebellion, Mr. Shorb came to California as assistant superintendent of the Philadelphia and California Oil Company, of which the late Thomas A. Scott, of Pennsylvania railroad fame, was president. In 1867 he purchased the tenure of the Temescal grant and began mining operations; and the same year he married the daughter of Don Benito Wilson, one of the best known men in Southern California, and at his request he entered the wine and grape business, as a member of the San Gabriel Wine Company, who now own 10,000 acres, and cultivate 1,300 acres of the best varieties of grapes; indeed the vineyard, both in respect to quality of vines and equipment, is said to be the best in the world, by such judges as Henry Grosjean, who was here as the French Commissioner of Agriculture, and who is a member of the Institute Agronomique. The product of this vineyard bears the highest reputation in the Eastern markets. The winery comprises a ferment room 120 x 260 feet in dimensions, and two stories high, with a capacity of 900,000 gallons; actual fermenting capacity of upper

Sulphur Bluff
July 4, 1869

Dear Brother & Family

Your kind letter came to hand in due time and found us all in moderate health -- was glad to hear you were all well -- your letter is not just now comeatable and I do not --- that I recollect all the questions --- but to begin --- 1st there is no northern mothodists here, nor never has been any, nor would I advise any one to move any where in the south that could not subscribe to the rules and regulations of the M. E. Church South; nor would I advise any one to come south that cannot subscribe to the prevailing politicks of the day, for unless he would be very reserved in his talk both religiously and politically he might possibly get into trouble, yet he might not, for all our officers and Radicals and are appointed by military power. but as soon as our State is reconstructed and the people are allowed to elect their officers I do not think there will be many radicals elected in our State. I would like very much to see you and have you live near me but I dont want to advise any one to do a thing that would involve them in difficulty -- you also wanted to know which rout we ----- how long we were on the road. I came by St. Louis Mo Springfield Mo Fayetteville Ark Mouth of Boggy on Red River Paris Texas Sulphur Bluff Texas. was five weeks on the road the first time & it cost about \$18 -- the last time I was something over six weeks on the road & it cost me something over fifty dollars but we had 2 wagons and 4 horses the last time and only one wagon and two horses the first time.

I have had the California fever for some time and dont know but what I will go next Spring but it depends entirely on the circumstances. I have several friends gone there and if they write to me favorably, I expect to try to ----- Spring. I will let you know after I determine whether I will go or not. California is said to be a great farming country and for the most part very healthy. I believe this country is more healthy than Indiana & that a person can make more money here farming than he can there, but we need navigation. but on the whole I dont know but Texas is good enough for me as I have a home here and other things that I need and would have to sacrifice a great deal to move anywhere, so I cannot tell as yet whether I will move or not. Henry's folks was all well a few days ago -- our country has been very healthy for some four or five years, no sickness now in our neighborhood that I know of -- our crops look very well but are rather late on account of the cold wet Spring yet some have had roasting years -- Some two weeks ago our corn is silking and tasseling and our cotton is some of it thigh high -- Some cotton in the Country is blooming -- Write to me often and let me know how you are getting along and what you intend doing -- give my love to Viola & the children.

W. L. Shrode & Family ----- D. S. Shrode & Family
this is July 9th - - all well -- I forgot to send this to the office the last mail

Mrs. Eliza J. Caldwell
Wheeling
Ohio County

Lewisburgh 13th Sept. (1836?)

I arrived here, dearest wife this day to dinner fatigued more than usual, having rode yesterday 45 miles to get a good house and thereby escape from bugs and fleas which have annoyed me much ever since I left home, and at no place more than at Caroline's at Clarkesburgh. The superior accomodations I then partook of and the quiet of a private room were more than overbalanced by the curse alluded to. The first night I left the bed and took to the carpet but the floor was too hard to sleep on. I then laid down the pillows and slept upon them, having the back of a chair, a quilt spread on it, for a pillow. Next morning I left all on the floor that the cause of my removal might be known. The next night I was supplied with an other bed, I did tolerably, only occasionally disturbed. But not a whisper of this to any person. Housekeepers the most afflicted with such vermin resent the imputations of having them the most. Caroline would doubtless take it as a calumny and a great insult.

The attention bestowed by W. Wilson on William and Isiah Chapham ought to cause the former to blush at his total neglect of Wilson. He never called on, or invited him to his house, yet the three days he was in Clarkesburgh, he twice took tea, and once dined at his house.

My health is about as usual. My mare however has not carried me as pleasantly as heretofore. Of an afternoon when tired herself, she gets into a working gait which fatigues more than usual. One trip more and I shall discharge her. By that time I trust the worst of the road will be so improved as to enable me to travel in a sulky. My young mare will be quite sufficient for such service.

I am sorry dearest, that I did not direct you to write me at Wythe, as I shall think it long till the 1st of October, when I shall be at Staunton and anxiously expect a letter there. From our place to Staunton, the mail travels in six days. If your letter leaves Wheeling on the 24th, it may arrive the same day I shall, the 30th inst., but write a day or two before unless you may wait a few days to hear from Margaretta, or for her return for she will probably be absent on her Zanesville trip at that time. I hope however it is not raining with you as it is here. Yesterday it rained some hours, and it is now frowning. If fair with you I presume Mag is now on her way to Zanesville.

May she derive benefit from her ride. It requires much care to preserve her. Anxiety for the safety of those we love gives a more pointed direction if it does not increase our affections. She is worth saving from an early grave. Her habit of thought is virtue itself and her nobility of mind is remarkable. I am sorry however that her taste for reading and desire thereby to improve her mind, is so imperfect. This deficit seems to belong to all our daughters. Ann, I once thought would be otherwise. Two weeks ere I left home I handed to Margaretta a book concerning the Jews and their church history which I thought would both interest and instruct her yet I fancy she never read a page of it. Ill health may be her excuse. It is in vain for any one to attempt to force their inclinations in this respect when it is greatly opposed to reading. But if this be not decidedly the case, a commencement and perseverance for a short time, may render it a pleasure instead of a task. We will see what can be done on my return.

Shortly before I left home, to get money, I drew my quarter's salary due on the 1st of October and W. List gave me the money, the most of which I paid to Simms to take up my note to him then in Bank. By the 4th or 5th of the month a warrant from the treasury will be forwarded to me. Tell Halstead that I wish him to take the warrant, together with the other papers to W. List, who will show him where to sign my name, first at the bottom of the page next on the back of the w^t. My acknowledgement of the rec^t. of the w^t. he will likewise sign my name to and return it to the treasurer in Campbell.

The ---- business will detain me here till Tuesday next. I shall if the causes be ready for trial dispose of them all, on this docket and else where, that I may not hold any of my courts, except that at Clarkesburgh, next Spring. I will take the next Spring and Summer respite and we will journey somewhere together.

I hope you have had a plentiful supply of peaches. I got plenty of them at Clarkesburgh, and very fine ones after I left. On coming here all had been used.

Make yourself as happy as circumstances admit of, and assure yourself of my sincere regard and never ending affection. Love to the girls.

A. Caldwell



hR

HIBERNIAN RESEARCH COMPANY LTD.

(ASSOCIATION OF IRISH PROFESSIONAL GENEALOGISTS)

REGISTERED OFFICE: 108 NORTH STRAND RD., DUBLIN 3.

HEAD OFFICE: WINDSOR HOUSE, 22 WINDSOR RD., RATHMINES, DUBLIN 6.

Ref: A.603/AB

GALLY / MULLIGAN

The requested search for your ancestors has now been completed. Carrywoggy, Co. Cavan was identified as Corravogy which is situated in the parish of Drung. No such place as Graholyan could be found. A list of possible variants was taken from the Index to Towns and Townlands of Ireland (see Appendix). Drung is one of the few parishes in Ireland with some 19th Century census returns extant. In this case it is the 1821 returns which have survived. They were checked for Corravogy initially and three Mulligan families were resident there in 1821. The rest of the parish was then checked and only two other Mulligan families were listed. See the following for details of entries noted.

Drung Parish 1821

Corravogy.

Michael Mulligan,	Labourer	30 yrs.
Margt. "	Wife	30 "
Eliz. Hopkins	Spinner	40 "
George Mulligan	son	4 "
Mary "	daughter	2 "

William "	farmer	34 "
Jane Anne "	wife	34 "
Anne Jane "	daughter	8 "
Eleanor "	"	5 "
George Perry	son	1 "
Thos. Fannon	--	15 "
Fanny Bule	lodger	13 "

Stewart Mulligan	Farmer & Publican	36 yrs.
Susan "	Wife	36 "
Jane "	daughter	14 "
Martha "	"	12 "
John "	son	11 "
George "	"	2 "
Stewart "	"	4 "
Joseph "	"	4 "
Susan "	daughter	2 "
William "	son	1 "

) twins.

Contd../

Drung Parish 1821 Contd..

Corravogy Contd..

Thos. Smyth	Servant	26 yrs.
Mary Pickins	"	19 "

Corcavety

Michael Mulligan	Farmer	56 yrs.
Margt. "	Wife	57 "
Bernard "	son	16 "
Cath "	daughter	21 "
Mary "	"	12 "
Honora "	"	10 "

William "	Tullywella, weaver & farmer,	40 yrs.
Mary West	" niece	24 "
Jane "	" --	16 "
Eliz Clarke	"	35 "
John Mulligan	" son	10 "
Mary "	" daughter	7 "

The Church Tithe Book for Drung Parish was then checked and the following entry noted.

Drung Parish 1833

H. Mulligan of Corovogy, 3 acres, Tithe: £0. 4. 4.1/2.

Gally was not listed in the Index of Surnames, Co. Cavan. This index is based upon the Church Tithe Applotment Survey 1824 - 1834 and Griffiths Primary Valuation of Land and Tenements (a land survey taken for tax reasons, ca.1850's). The name did not appear also in the indices to Kilmore Diocesan Wills and Marriage Licences (Cavan is mostly situated in this diocese). Counties which border Co. Cavan and all those to the North were checked in the Surnames indices and Gally / Galley was found in four counties ca. 1820 - 1860.

Co. Monaghan

Clones Parish 1833 (Galley)

Co. Down.

Castleboy Parish 1863 (Gally)
Hillsborough " " (Galley).
Grey Abbey " 1833 (Galley).

Co. Armagh

Leagoe Parish 1830 (Galley).

Co. Antrim

Aghagallan Parish 1833 (Galley).
Aghalee " 1834 "
Larne " 1861 (Gally).

The time allowed for this search did not permit us to check further. There are extant Protestant Records for Drung Parish, they are not on microfilm but are held in local custody so it was not possible to check them. An application to the local clergyman would need to be made in order for them to be checked on your behalf. The Registry of Deeds could also be checked for both families and a further effort could be made there to find or identify Grahulyan. A full continuation search would therefore be feasible, this costs \$100 at present.

It is hoped you find this report of value and interest.

SOURCES CONSULTED

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE, Four Courts

1821 Census returns, Drung Parish.
Church Tithe Book, " " (1833).
Index to Kilmore Diocesan Wills
" " " " Marriage Licence Bonds.
" of Surnames, Cos. Cavan, Roscommon, Leitrim,
Louth, Meath, Monaghan, Armagh,
Down, Antrim, Fermanagh, Tyrone,
Donegal, Derry.

APPENDIX

Greaghclogh	Mullagh Parish
Greaghadoo	Killinkere "
Greaghadosson	" "
Greaghclaugh	" "
Greaghduff	" "
Greahnacunnia	" "
Greaharue	Balieborough Parish
Greahnamale	" "
Greahnadarragh	Moybolgue "
Greahcrottagh	Knockbride "
Greahnadoony	Templeport "
Greahacholea	Kildallen "
Graddum	Crosserlough "
Greahrahan	Drumlane "
Greahnagee	Lavey "
Greahcottagh	Drung "

Ireland—Internal Divisions in 19th Century

PROVINCES.

The Four Provinces, Ulster in the north, Leinster in the east, Connaught in the west and Munster in the south derive their names from the four ancient kingdoms of Ireland: Uladh, Laighean, Connaught, Mumha. The fifth kingdom of Meath became merged in the province of Leinster. Other ancient kingdoms such as Aileach and Oriel had become integrated with Ulster since the 17th century.

COUNTIES.

The division of Ireland into counties began with King John in 1210 when he constituted twelve of the present-day counties—Dublin, Kildare, Meath, later divided into east and west, Louth, Carlow, Kilkenny, Wexford, Waterford, Cork, Kerry, Limerick and Tipperary. King's and Queen's counties were constituted during the reign of Queen Mary and the following under Elizabeth I: Longford, Clare, Galway, Sligo, Mayo, Roscommon, Leitrim, Armagh, Monaghan, Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Fermanagh and Cavan. The origin of Antrim and Down as counties seems uncertain and the last county to be formed was Wicklow which was divided from Dublin in 1605. Many counties have towns of the same name, e.g., Dublin, Limerick, Cork, etc.

BARONIES.

The barony is a division of great antiquity based on the great Gaelic family holdings. At present there are three hundred and twenty-five baronies in all Ireland. They were turned into civil divisions by the English for the purpose of the 19th century land valuations.

PARISHES.

Parishes were of two kinds, ecclesiastical and civil. The civil parish again used for last-century valuations, was normally smaller in area than the ecclesiastical parish and often differed in name from it. There are about two and a half thousand ecclesiastical parishes in the whole country.

TOWNLANDS.

The townland was a small rural division of the parish. Its average area was three-hundred-and-fifty acres. The census of 1901 showed sixty thousand, four hundred and sixty-two such townlands.

POOR LAW UNIONS.

Under the Poor Law Relief Act of 1838, the country was divided into districts or Unions in which the local rateable people were financially responsible for the care of all paupers in the area. These Unions comprised multiples of townlands within an average radius of ten miles, usually with a large market town as centre, in which the 'Poor House' was located. Most of these Poor Houses may still be seen and many are still in use—for other purposes of course.

10/22/82

Dear Tom -

Here is a picture of your Finnish cousins. Väinö's grandfather and your mother's grandfather were brothers. Note the spelling of Junttile with two "t's". I think the family tree has an incorrect spelling.

The label was typed (by me) on my secretary's new Royal typewriter with memory. It has automatic centering which is very convenient.

Susan and Karl arrive tonight and soon will be here tomorrow, maybe with Stuart. We will have called you so you will have more details by the time you get this.

My jury service ended this week. I almost got on a 3-week trial but the defense challenged me. It took two days to settle on the jury. The trial was of a Mexican American politician and a cohort accused of conspiracy and selling morphine derivatives. He claims the police are out to get him and are lying. Apparently this was tried once before and ended with a hung jury. One defendant didn't speak English so everything had to be translated.

Love,

Joe



Elena, Elsa, Vaino, Paivi Junttila
Hailuoto, Finland August 1982

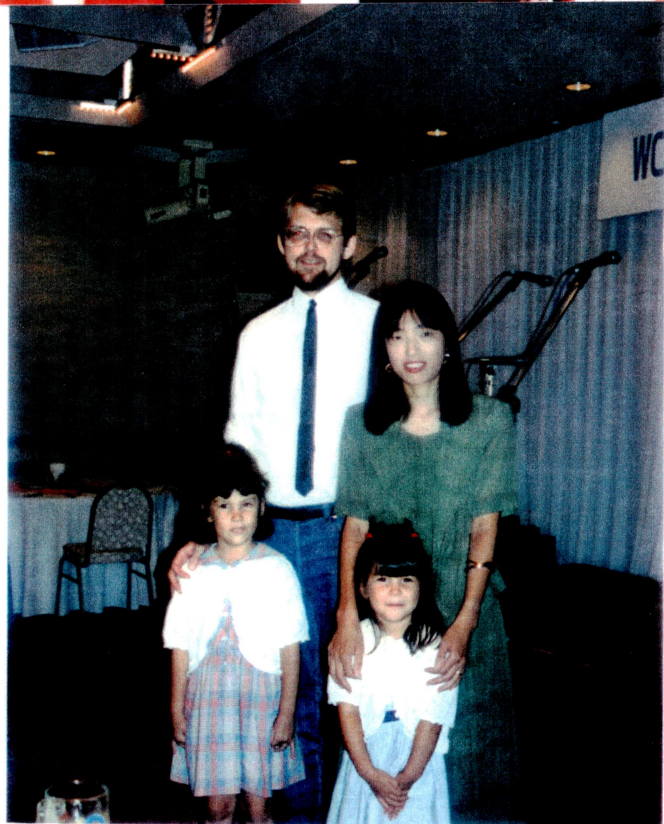


*Joan, Susan, Eric and Helen at our Catalina house
Joan's birthday in Berkeley*

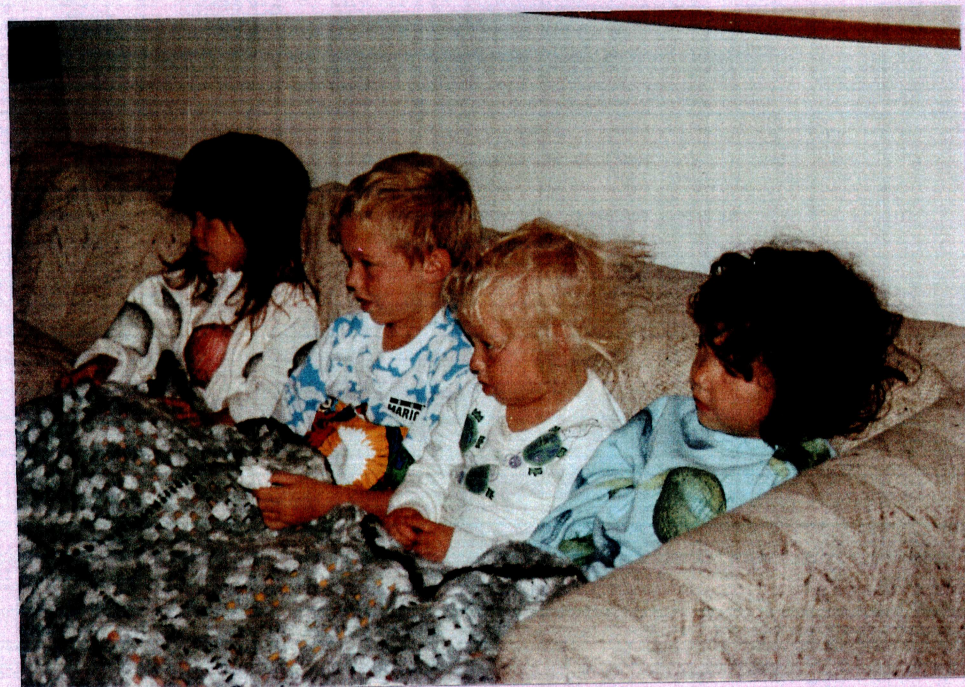
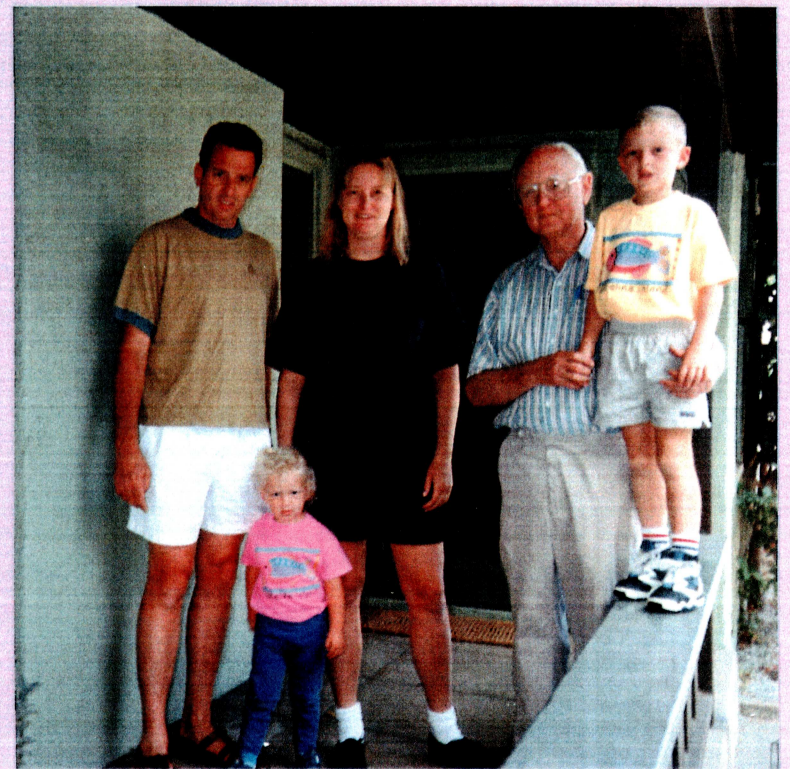
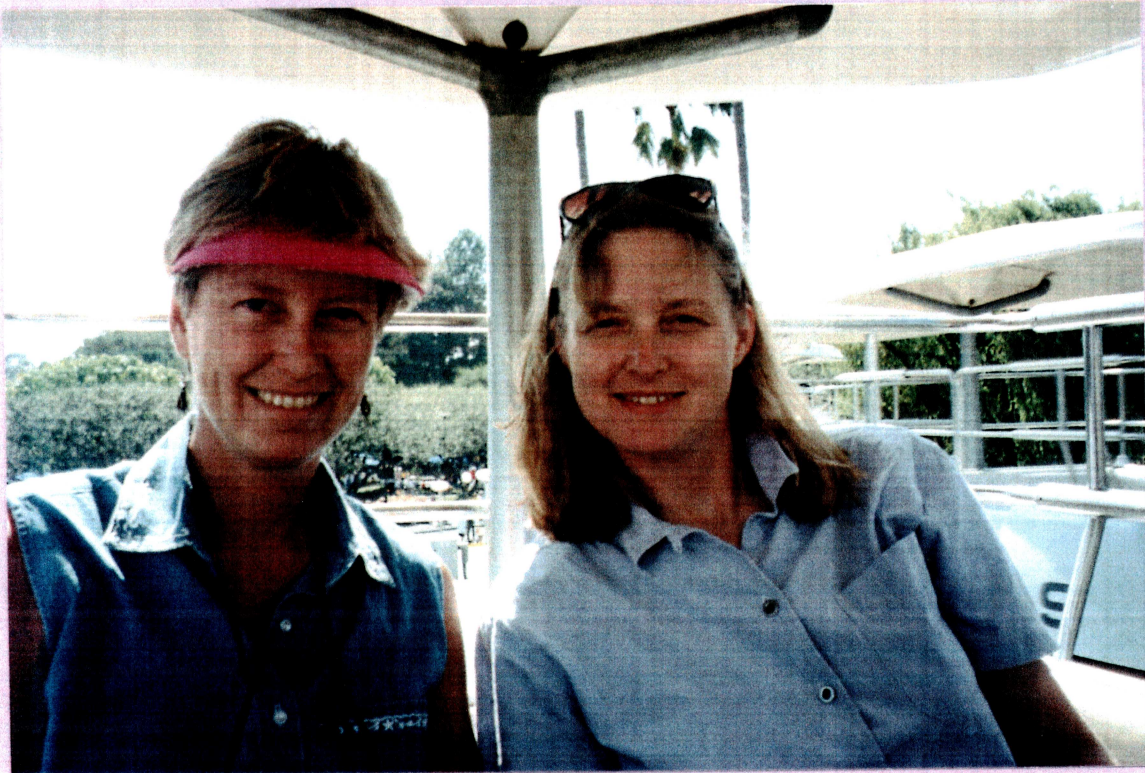


*Susan, Natalie and Karl on beach at Catalina
Sid and Helen at Catalina*





*Anna and Sara off to school; Sara and Anna at home;
Tom & Ikuko and family; Anna and Ikuko digging
potatoes on school field trip.*



Joan and Susan [upper left]

Karl, Natalie, Susan, Sid, Eric [upper right]

*Anna, Eric, Natalie, and Sara watching
"Barney" on TV in Berkeley [left]*



Tom and Ikuko in Berkeley [upper left]

Sid and Helen with Sara at Huntington Lib.

Anna and Sara at Catalina